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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. 3 vols. Bentley.

No biography of a woman comparable to this in interest has reached us from the other side of the Atlantic. Yet, its faults of execution are countless,—and the opportunities afforded to those whose sense of the ridiculous is strong are very frequent. Mr. Channing's share of the work is written in that inflated and entangled style unhappily becoming generic in America,—compared with which the second-hand Johnsonisms of Miss Seward and Madame d'Arbly are simple, readable English. The memorialists of Margaret Fuller, too, singly and collectively, have absolved themselves from continuous detail and intelligible explanation in narrating her life,—thus investing the subject of their labours with a mystery which, however sublime to the initiated, will seem to the generality of readers tawdry, whimsical, and injurious to the cause which it was meant to magnify.

Notwithstanding all these qualifying circumstances, however, we repeat that these volumes will have no common interest for all who will approach them with patience and charity. Not only do they contain a curious contribution to the history of taste and opinion in America,—they offer also a precious addition to the gallery of those eccentric and poetical persons whose incompleteness is as glaring as their aspiration is lofty,—whose notoriety among a few bears no proportion to their influence on the many,—who have hoped and dreamed, lived and died, without ever coming to an agreement with themselves,—who have draped themselves, as it were, for intellectual monarchy without having ever settled, or even inquired, what manner of people they were to reign over or by what code of laws they were to govern.—In her own sphere, Margaret Fuller appears to have produced an impression as strong as, in her time and place, was produced by the gifted Jewess Rahel Levin, of Berlin;—but, as in Rahel's case, the utterances of her power, and persuasion, and passion, when published, seem crude, constrained, confused; and in but a very limited degree to justify the social reputation and personal devotion commanded by the deceased.

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge-Port, Massachusetts, in 1810. Her father was a lawyer and politician—a man of more energy, it may be inferred, than discrimination,—since, early becoming aware of the remarkable capacity of his little daughter, he not only educated her himself, as a boy rather than as a girl, but in place of feeding—crammed her with learning, early and late, in season and out of season. By this mistaken discipline, Margaret's health was impaired for life. She became nervous, and a somnambulist at night,—and by day, offensively assuming and pedantic. Even during childhood she put forth her pretensions to a superiority not more openly asserted by herself than awarded by her contemporaries. Like "Adonijah, the son of Haggith," when he wished to exalt himself, this loud, near-sighted, awkward, satirical American girl said to herself,—"I will be Queen!"—and, like the Jewish pretender, she seems to have had small difficulty in finding "fifty men to run before her." In some of the earliest pages of this book we find her corresponding in a tone of the most oracular sagacity, not excluding manifestations of real poetry and eloquence, with men and students, described as claiming and acquiring friendships on her own terms,—giving her whole confidence to one, yet winning from every one his secret,

—devouring abstruse and graceful and philosophical knowledge,—and using the same "from hand to mouth," in the very moment of acquisition,—as though to devour and to digest were one and the same thing.—It is noticeable, however, as a phenomenon rare in the history of eccentric female genius, that Margaret Fuller never stood aloof from or kept at distance her own sex. On being sent to a girls' school, she endured bitter sufferings, we are told, when the other girls mocked at her because of a whim that she took to wear rouge. After she left school, we find her fondly corresponding with her governess on her pursuits, though they were nothing slighter than readings of Madame de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, Castilian ballads, Berni, Locke, and Russell's tour in Germany,—the last book welcome, she says, as containing "intelligent and detailed accounts of the German universities, Viennese court, secret associations, Plica Polonica, and other interesting matters"!—She was always careful of her dress and appearance,—and by no means, as Mr. Greeley's notes assure us, disposed to waive her rights to deferential entertainment as a woman, even while she published herself as foremost among the emancipating sisterhood. In addition to the topics of pursuit already indicated, Margaret Fuller early attached herself to German transcendentalism,—became a deep lover of German literature,—sat in judgment on Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Bettine, and Gunderode,—and rhapsodized about Beethoven. She was a passionate student of music;—she did her utmost, also, to enter into the poetry of the painter's art, by the study of books, engravings, and such specimens as were accessible. In brief, our heroine appears to have acted up to the principle announced among her confessions, when she says,—"Very early I knew that the only object in life was to grow." Yet, all her more solid acquisitions,—all her keenness of sarcasm and the shrewd insight into character which we are assured that she possessed,—all her "commercing" with noble hopes and lofty purposes, could not, it seems, save her from those toyings with superstition which are properly the occupation of the silly and the sentimental. Mr. Emerson gravely tells us that—

"She had a taste for gems, ciphers, talismans, omens, coincidences, and birthdays. She had a special love for the planet Jupiter, and a belief that the month of September was inauspicious to her. She never forgot that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl. 'When I first met with the name Leila,' she said, 'I knew, from the very look and sound, it was mine; I knew that it meant night,—night, which brings out stars, as sorrow brings out truths.' Sortilege she valued. She tried *sortes biblicæ*, and her hits were memorable. I think each new book which interested her, she was disposed to put to this test, and know if it had somewhat personal to say to her. As happens to such persons, these guesses were justified by the event. She chose caruncle for her own stone, and when a dear friend was to give her a gem, this was the one selected. She valued what she had somewhere read, that caruncles are male and female. The female casts out light, the male has his within himself. 'Mine,' she said, 'is the male.'"

Such were some among the characteristics of this very singular girl and woman. Her singularities, however, played few fantastic tricks with her duties. On the sudden death of her father, she is described as taking a worthy part in counsel, in support, and in self-sacrifice for the sake of her family. Her letters contain allusions to "very poor servants," and to "a great deal of needlework,"—as well as comments on the "perfect wisdom and mercileas nature of Goethe,"—announcements of her translation of Tasso,—and hints of her resolution "to examine

thoroughly the evidences of the Christian religion."

"Difficulties and duties became distinct the very night after my father's death, and a solemn prayer was offered then, that I might combine what is due to others with what is due to myself."

Accordingly, Margaret Fuller steadily refused to avail herself of any opportunity pressed on her to visit Europe, by way of completing her education. She went out as a teacher,—postponing to the certain emoluments thus derived that undivided attention to authorship, which might have enabled her to do justice to her acquirements and her poetical aspirations. So far as we know her writings, they are feverish, entangled,—bearing marks of indecision, haste, and inadequate utterance,—rather the sketches of one who felt that life was a conflict, and fretted under its restraints, than the measured and matured labours of the artist who feels that only through labour, and sincerity to his own convictions, can he fitly present his thoughts and imaginings to the public.

If the above character be somewhat diffuse, the fault is in part that of Margaret Fuller's biographers,—in part that of the restless complexity of her nature. Her great conversational fascination,—in spite of such drawbacks as a loud nasal voice and an arrogant self-assertion, which were apt to drive strangers out of the room,—is insisted on in almost every page of these volumes. In due course of time this brought her into American notoriety. She began not only to study character, but also to note it down with an unhesitating decision, as curious as it is edifying. The following is one of her dogmatic sketches:—

"I went to hear Joseph John Gurney, one of the most distinguished and influential, it is said, of the English Quakers. He is a thick-set, beetle-browed man, with a well-to-do-in-the-world air of pious stolidity. I was grievously disappointed; for Quakerism has at times looked lovely to me, and I had expected at least a spiritual exposition of its doctrines from the brother of Mrs. Fry. But his manner was as wooden as his matter, and had no merit but that of distinct elocution. His sermon was a tissue of texts, ill selected, and worse patched together, in proof of the assertion that a belief in the Trinity is the one thing needful, and that reason, unless manacled by a creed, is the one thing dangerous. His figures were paltry, his thoughts narrowed down, and his very sincerity made corrupt by spiritual pride. One could not but pity his notions of the Holy Ghost, and his bat-like fear of light. His Man-God seemed to be the keeper of a mad-house, rather than the informing Spirit of all spirits. After finishing his discourse, Mr. G. sang a prayer, in a tone of mingled shout and whine, and then requested his audience to sit a while in devout meditation. For one, I passed the interval in praying for him, that the thick film of self-complacency might be removed from the eyes of his spirit, so that he might no more degrade religion."

There was bravery, as well as bitterness, however, in Margaret Fuller's honesty. She formed a close friendship with Miss Martineau while that lady was in America, and expresses herself as having been much indebted to her sympathy. After this, the letter which she wrote on receiving Miss Martineau's 'Travels in America' will be owned to be uncommon in its tone.—

"On its first appearance, the book was greeted by a volley of coarse and outrageous abuse, and the nine days' wonder was followed by a nine days' hue-and-cry. It was garbled, misrepresented, scandalously ill-treated. This was all of no consequence. The opinion of the majority you will find expressed in a late number of the 'North American Review.' I should think the article, though ungenerous, not more so than great part of the critiques upon your book. The minority may be divided into two classes: the one, consisting of those who knew you but slightly, either personally, or in your writings. These

have now read your book; and, seeing in it your high ideal standard, genuine independence, noble tone of sentiment, vigour of mind and powers of picturesque description, they value your book very much, and rate you higher for it. The other comprises those who were previously aware of these high qualities, and who, seeing in a book to which they had looked for a lasting monument to your fame, a degree of presumptuousness, irreverence, inaccuracy, hasty generalization, and ultraism on many points, which they did not expect, lament the haste in which you have written, and the injustice which you have consequently done to so important a task, and to your own powers of being and doing. To this class I belong. * * * When Harriet Martineau writes about America, I often cannot test that rashness and inaccuracy of which I hear so much, but I can feel that they exist. A want of soundness, of habits of patient investigation, of completeness, of arrangement, are felt throughout the book; and, for all its fine descriptions of scenery, breadth of reasoning, and generous daring, I cannot be happy in it, because it is not worthy of my friend, and I think a few months given to ripen it, to balance, compare, and mellow, would have made it so. * * * I do not like that your book should be an abolition book. You might have borne your testimony as decidedly as you pleased; but why leaven the whole book with it? This subject haunts us on almost every page. It is a great subject, but your book had other purposes to fulfil."

As an illustration of Margaret Fuller, the above passages would be incomplete, were it not added that they were taken from her own journals, having been copied therein.—She could not, it seems, be sincere without setting her sincerity in her own sight, and in the sight of those who might come after her, to admire at it.

The dash of *bravura* which pervaded all our heroine's sayings and doings appears to have a natural home,—and it might almost be added, a necessary occupation, in American society. Very curious will it seem to many English persons to read that, after a time, Margaret Fuller was encouraged to turn her conversational reputation to account by organizing conversation classes for the ladies of Boston. On the 6th of November, 1839, we find that "twenty-five of the most agreeable and intelligent women to be found in Boston and in its neighbourhood assembled at Miss Peabody's Rooms," to discuss all manner of high and recondite topics.—

* The reporter closes her account by saying:—"Miss Fuller's thoughts were much illustrated, and all was said with the most captivating address and grace, and with beautiful modesty. The position in which she placed herself with respect to the rest, was entirely ladylike, and companionable. She told what she intended, the earnest purpose with which she came, and, with great tact, indicated the indiscretions that might spoil the meeting. * * * The first day's topic was, the genealogy of heaven and earth; then the Will (Jupiter); the Understanding (Mercury);—the second day's, the celestial inspiration of genius, perception, and transmission of divine law (Apollo); the terrene inspiration, the impassioned abandonment of genius (Bacchus). * * * Under the head of Venus, in the fifth conversation, the story of Cupid and Psyche was told with fitting beauty, by Margaret; and many fine conjectural interpretations suggested from all parts of the room. The ninth conversation turned on the distinctive qualities of poetry, discriminating it from the other fine arts. Rhythm and Imagery, it was agreed, were distinctive. An episode to dancing, which the conversation took, led Miss Fuller to give the thought that lies at the bottom of different dances. Of her lively description the following record is preserved:—"Gavottes, shawl dances, and all of that kind, are intended merely to exhibit the figure in as many attitudes as possible. They have no character, and say nothing, except 'Look! how graceful I am!'" &c.

Open as are such exhibitions to the comments of the scerner,—as substituting a strained, vague, and hectic enthusiasm for the honest love which patient study brings, and as pretending to mete out by line and rule those emotions,

fancies, and sympathies which each man must generate, define, and feel for himself,—their place gives them a significance entitling them to a word of remark. They are among the ever-recurring signs of the American's longing for the poetry of a past which must strike every one conversant with the American's objects of pursuit and manner of following them up. The craving of our Transatlantic friends for memorials and relics,—their impatient desire to steep themselves in Art when they come to Europe, as if strong will could conjure up the moods of mind which grow out of centuries of civilization and fruits of experience,—must be familiar to all who have mingled with the more accomplished class of American travellers. Unable to force Genius, whether in criticism or in creation,—yet yearning with the thirst to learn and the appetite to appreciate,—they have recourse to all kinds of empirical culture and solace;—not, we cordially believe, out of a vain desire to escape from due labour and preparation, so much as from a determination to feel, or fancy, for themselves and in their own life-time, the pleasures and sensations which can never be taken by force. Too self-conscious to—

Plant the slow olive for the race unborn,—too impatient to await the slow progress of intellectual development,—their hurried enthusiasm—their grotesque lion-worship—their resolution to mine by the mere mechanical force of will into the depths of Poetry and Art—have a strange and pathetic earnestness which should make the most fastidious tolerant of their superficiality and indulgent towards their affectation. The real motive principle of the willingness of the Boston ladies to be lectured about Bacchus and his Pards, and to sit and be instructed concerning the fundamental idea of the Polka and the inner meaning of the *Fals à Deux Temps*, however absurd it may seem, is yet deserving of sympathy—and, wherever that can be given, of aid.

Before the conversational classes were undertaken, Margaret Fuller had made herself a certain reputation as an essayist and a translator:—the most important work published by her in the latter character being her version of 'Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe,'—of which, it will be recollected, Mr. Oxenford largely availed himself in his more recent publication. A few years of Boston life, spent in talking, teaching, writing, and assisting her family, were found more than enough by one whose spirit was never at rest; and in 1844 Margaret removed to New York to assist Mr. Horace Greeley in his transcendental journal, the *New York Tribune*. As we advance with her in her career, we find symptoms of her mind clearing itself. Her letters and journals become more and more simple, truthful, and graphic:—as the following brief notice of her habitation with the Greeleys will illustrate.—

"This place is to me entirely charming; it is so completely in the country, and all around is so bold and free. It is two miles or more from the thickly settled parts of New York, but omnibuses and cars give me constant access to the city, and, while I can readily see what and whom I will, I can command time and retirement. Stopping on the Harlem road, you enter a lane nearly a quarter of a mile long, and going by a small brook and pond that locks in the place, and ascending a slightly rising ground, get sight of the house, which old-fashioned, and of mellow tint, fronts on a flower-garden filled with shrubs, large vines, and trim box borders. On both sides of the house are beautiful trees, standing fair, full-grown, and clear. Passing through a wide hall, you come out upon a piazza, stretching the whole length of the house, where one can walk in all weathers; and thence by a step or two, on a lawn, with picturesque masses of rocks, shrubs, and trees overlooking the East River. Gravel paths lead, by several turns, down the steep bank to the water's edge, where

round the rocky point a small bay curves in which boats are lying. And, owing to the currents, and the set of the tide, the sails glide sidelong, seeming to greet the house as they sweep by."

We also find evidences of the improved power which belongs to increased self-knowledge in the fragments from her journals written on her arrival in Europe. Take, as an example, the following pen-and-ink sketch.—

"Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. C. came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humour,—full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer, or artisan, in the country, who on Sundays lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the Essays, and looking upon the sea. I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there never was anything so witty as Carlyle's description of ——. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh, when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion. The second time, Mr. C. had a dinner-party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of man, author of a History of Philosophy, and now writing a Life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in his more acrid mood; and, though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said. For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and has thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, been turned from his vocation. Shakespeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose;—and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after a while. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance, it was Petrarch and *Laura*, the last word pronounced with his inflexible sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when *Laura* would come. Carlyle running his chin out, when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor *Laura*! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdröckh vulture. The worst of hearing Carlyle is that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down."

Such a host as is here described must have been found weighty to manage and difficult of enjoyment by one who in her own circles had been accustomed to lead and apportion the dialogue of the hour,—herself enjoying the for-

midable repute of "a tremendous converser." But Margaret Fuller's admiration of her idols seems almost to have risen to the height of her admiration of herself. In Paris, her first desire was to see and be seen by the

Large-brained woman and large-hearted man, as Mrs. Browning has called Madame Dudevant. She wrote to the French authoress; and, receiving no answer to her letter, a few days later she followed it up by a visit.—

"I went to see her at her house, Place d'Orléans. I found it a handsome modern residence. She had not answered my letter, written about a week before, and I felt a little anxious lest she should not receive me; for she is too much the mark of impertinent curiosity, as well as too busy, to be easily accessible to strangers. * * The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterward told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as 'Madame Saleze,' and returned into the ante-room to tell me, 'Madame says she does not know you.' I began to think I was doomed to the rebuff, among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, 'Ask if she has not received a letter from me.' As I spoke, Madame S. opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large, but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and lady-like dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower, strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of goodness, nobleness, and power that pervaded the whole,—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, 'C'est vous,' and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study: we sat down a moment, then I said, '*Il me fait de bien de vous voir.*' * * She looked away, and said, '*Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante.*' This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. She told me, before I went away, that she was going that very day to write to me; that when the servant announced me she did not recognize the name, but after a minute it struck her that it might be *la dame Américaine*, as the foreigners very commonly call me, for they find my name hard to remember. She was very much pressed for time, as she was then preparing copy for the printer, and having just returned, there were many applications to see her, but she wanted me to stay then, saying, 'It is better to throw things aside, and seize the present moment.' I stayed a good part of the day, and was very glad afterwards, for I did not see her again uninterrupted. Another day I was there, and saw her in her circle. Her daughter and another lady were present, and a number of gentlemen. Her position there was of an intellectual woman and good friend,—the same as my own in the circle of my acquaintance as distinguished from my intimates. * * Her way of talking is just like her writing,—lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same happiness in striking the nail on the head every now and then with a blow. * * I forgot to mention, that, while talking, she does smoke all the time her little cigarette. This is now a common practice among ladies abroad, but I believe originated with her."

—The touch of complacent self-reference in the above passages is pleasantly characteristic.

Neither England nor France, however—though both seem to have at once awakened and more or less to have ballasted this wild, passionate, heaving mind—satisfied the American woman of genius. Her longing was

for Italy—as though (to adopt the tone of her own fancies) she had known that the completion of her destiny awaited her there:—and to Italy she went from France.—The story of her sojourn there, of her singular and secret marriage, of her position and part during the days of the *Triumvirate* in Rome,—of her home return, and the fearful catastrophe which closed her voyage,—is so full of picturesque interest that we must return to this biography for further extract. Meanwhile, we cannot let the present notice go forth without stating that it very imperfectly represents the interest which we have found in these volumes,—which must commend them to all such as delight in studying character.

History of England and France under the House of Lancaster; with an Introductory View of the early Reformation. Murray.

THE author of the volume before us presents himself as a new candidate for the literary laurel of the historian. Who he is we know not; but his pages afford ample testimony that he has been a painstaking student of history and of general literature. Of his attainments and of the careful use which he makes of them, we can speak with great respect. As in the case of Roberston's 'History of Scotland,' the notes and illustrations of the volume before us are more valuable than the text of the narrative. In the hundred pages of supplementary proofs, the author has shown large research and complete knowledge of his subject. We think, too, that the literary style of his notes is superior to that of the body of his work. His mind is evidently more suited to dissertation than to description—more calculated for balancing opinions than for depicting social varieties. We might almost suspect, indeed, that we have a lawyer of eminence to deal with in the author of this work. We observe the unaffected firmness of his tone when he discusses legal or constitutional questions; and his historical judgments are influenced throughout by reference to mere legality,—to an undue extent when the part which popular passions and national temptations play in history is recollected. In his anxiety that his historical verdict should be thoroughly moral, our author is apt not to make sufficient allowance for the state of civilization at the period of which he speaks.

We infer that this carefully composed volume is offered as a specimen of what the writer can do on English History. It is apparently his first performance in its kind; and while we can give it welcome and commendation, we will indicate to the writer the means by which it seems to us he may command increased success as a narrator in his future works. His treatment of his subject, considering that he has specially addressed himself to it, is too short and summary; and though we are no patrons of book-making, we should have preferred that he had extended his matter in this case over two volumes. He belongs to the ethical school of History as opposed to the picturesque. His style is correct—but it is cold, and he has not studied the art of producing an effect on the reader. In avoiding the errors of the mere historical colourists and picture-makers, he has fallen into the other extreme. His narrative is not sufficiently studded with suggestive facts to awaken and sustain the moral curiosity of the reader. In the second edition of this volume, the author might incorporate into the text some of the matter which he treats of in his notes;—and it would give additional value to the work if he should insert a chapter on manners and society in England during the reign of the House of Lancaster.

In these times there is some danger that the

writing of history will degenerate in the direction of composing for immediate and popular effect. History, as the word implies, should be addressed to the understanding—and not to the imagination. The gravity of a conscientious historian's function is truly stated in the Preface to this work.—

"It has oftentimes been laid to the charge of authors that they encourage, when they should restrain, the propensity of the multitude, dazzled by the glories of war, to pass over the guilt of conquerors, the enemies of the human race. A sounder view, however, is not to be inculcated by passing over the talents of those men, and only dwelling on their faults. The historian must above all things be calm and impartial. Forbidden to extenuate crimes, he is alike forbidden to conceal merits, though never allowed to regard the one as a compensation for the other. His conclusions are neither to be attack nor defence, invective nor panegyric; he is rather a judge than an advocate; on no account must he be a partisan."

It is of course very difficult and rare for any historian to be free from honestly entertained convictions which in their force may amount to prejudices. It is a curious fact that the best continuous histories of England should have been written by a professed sceptic like Hume, and an avowed Roman Catholic like Lingard. No doubt there is room for a History of England since the Reformation, written in more sympathy with the prevailing and traditional feelings of Englishmen than could be expected from a Scotch sceptic or a Romanist divine. Has our author a lurking ambition to attempt this achievement, and is his present volume offered as an experiment? These are questions which we will not press. We may say, however, that if he were to engage in such a task, his writing would be as thoroughly Protestant (in the English sense of that word) as Lingard's is Romanist or Hume's indifferentist.

The proceedings of Wycliffe, the character and position of Henry the Fifth of England, and the stirring episode of Joan of Arc, are themes to test a writer's power of composition. Out of these we will choose some specimens of our author's style:—prefacing the following extracts by observing that Wycliffe is a favourite character with him.—

"It is not easy to conceive the impression produced by the New Doctrines, recommended, as they were, not more by the station and the character of their author than by the force with which they appealed to the feelings, the reason, and the interests of mankind. The load seemed to be removed under which the human mind had for so many ages lain prostrate. No longer compressed, it again manifested the elasticity which had never been destroyed, and, making a vigorous effort for entire relief, sprang forward to shake off the whole of its burthen. The gross and manifest absurdity of some received dogmas thus attacked by Wycliffe; the revolting injustice of others; the grievous oppression wrought by their application; the misconduct to which they so easily lent themselves; the abuses which they manifestly engendered, so revolting to all the strongest feelings of our nature—were quite sufficient to gain a favourable reception for the tenets of the Reformers, even without the inducements which they so largely held out, by appealing to the worldly interests, and, generally, to the secular views of men. Nor did Wycliffe and his disciples, the 'poor priests,' neglect the means best suited to win the confidence and command the respect of the people. They affected the most primitive simplicity of manners; they appeared only in coarse raiment of a russet hue, usually going about barefooted; they fed on the most frugal and homely fare; they partook of no popular amusements, nor assisted at any of the sports and revels in which the vulgar of the times so greatly delighted. Yet their demeanour was not harsh or repulsive—it was not even severe; their speech was rather winning and bland; and it was observed that they all used the same cast of language, expounding or declaiming in one common style. Though they held that marriage

was not merely permitted to the ministers of the Gospel, but enjoined to the same extent in their case as in that of all others, yet they abstained from it when the indulgence seemed likely to interfere with their sacred functions. They diligently traversed the country in all directions, exhorting and teaching in private, comforting the sick, sustaining the dying, inveighing with an unprecedented boldness against the corruptions of the church, as well as the vices of her clergy; above all, instant in season and out of season in zealously preaching the word, and openly expounding the Scriptures. Far the greatest of all the holds that Wycliffe had upon the people was obtained by his unlocking to mankind the sacred volume which the decrees of the Romish clergy had shut up from them. He himself translated into the vulgar tongue the whole of the Bible, only detached portions of which had before been given in English; he caused copies of his version to be multiplied; and the duty of constant preaching, whether for inculcating religious truth or for opening the Scriptures to the congregation, was the clerical function which he most prepotently enjoined."

As other historical writers have made too little of Wycliffe,—our author makes too much. Admitting the vigorous volition and marked individualism of Wycliffe,—still, it is going far to balance him against Luther, for it is impossible to decide what Wycliffe might have been in later times. There is nothing in his special case to show that he possessed that prodigious power over others which made Luther a first-class agent in human affairs. With the religious specialities involved we do not meddle; but, disposed to concur with the opinions generally entertained of Wycliffe by historical inquirers, we think that the author leans to overrating his historical importance. Portraiture of personal character, requiring keen analysis of motive and nice knowledge of the human heart, is not what the writer of this volume excels in. He could better write the history of institutions than that of men. He grasps more easily that which is positive and ascertainable than that which is dramatic or conjectural. His character of Henry the Fifth is tame and meagre, and will be the better for being retouched. Nor is the wonderful story of Joan of Arc told with much historical ability. Hume has in a few suggestive pages given that narration as no writer now living could. Though incorrect in some trivial particulars, Hume's mode of telling Joan's history excites the curiosity of the reflective reader, while it awakens human sympathy with the fate of the heroine. Our author winds up his narrative of Joan's case with the following reflections.—

"This is truly a painful passage of history, and the rather that so many persons are necessarily the objects of severe censure; for it must be confessed that a deep stain is left upon the memory of every party to the execrable proceeding. That Bedford should have suffered his feelings of revenge so far to master his sense of justice and his cooler judgment of what sound policy prescribed, as to condemn a French subject, never in allegiance to his sovereign, for an offence of which his judges and prelates could not by possibility have any cognizance, seems hard to comprehend; but that a great captain should have treated as an offender, a prisoner of war, taken in open fight by the fortune of war, and over whom the fortune of that war alone gave him any power whatever, seems wholly inconceivable. For conduct which nothing can vindicate, his alarm at the impression made on his superstitious soldiery by a belief in her divine mission may perhaps account, though it cannot even soften the blame which every honourable mind at once pronounces upon it. If, indeed, as some have asserted in his defence, he sacrificed her against his better judgment to the popular fury, then truly must his guilt be greatly aggravated in the eyes of all who have ever turned away with indignant scorn, from the well-known spectacle of a judge washing his hands of the blame when he had suffered lesser

criminals to perpetrate the offence. But Charles can hardly be said to have shown himself less worthy of reprobation. He who owed to the Maid his crown, possibly his liberty or his life, made no effort to rescue her from destruction by ransom, none to save her by threatening reprisals on the English captains in his power. It does not appear that any, the least, pains were taken by this ungrateful Prince, to avert or to stay her fate. When, twenty-five years after her murder, her family exerted themselves to obtain an examination of the case, with a view to reversing the judgment, he favoured their proceeding; and the See of Rome pronounced sentence, relieving her memory from the imputation of heresy. But this was the extent of Charles's gratitude towards his illustrious deliverer. Whether it was that she had, during the operations which succeeded his coronation, shown less than her former determination, and been less fortunate in the fights she bore a part in, or that Charles became weary of hearing her praises, and impatient of each success being ascribed to her, or that the whispers of his jealous officers against her found too easy access to his ear, certain it is that, without the least struggle, he suffered a deed of atrocious injustice to be perpetrated, which a firm resistance must have prevented. At the height of his fortune, in great part the result of her services, he suffered her family to languish in penury, her mother supported by a weekly dole among the poor of Orleans. No sovereign ever owed a greater debt of gratitude to a subject than Charles owed to the Maid—no man ever proved himself more ungrateful to his benefactor."

An historian's reflections should be pithy, brief and to the purpose. In the above passage, while taking the tone of judicial severity on all the parties who contributed to destroy Joan, the writer misses the truly historical point of view. Without pausing here to remark on the several shares borne by the French and by the English actors in this shameful tragedy—on which of late years some fresh light has been thrown,—we will observe merely that the present writer sentences all to reprobation, as if Joan of Arc had been a common prisoner,—forgetting that the multitude on both sides had not long been disenchanted from their faith in her supernatural mission. In that superstitious age the reaction of feeling against what had been accepted as semi-supernatural was savagely iconoclastic. Mingled passions, of rage, envy and hatred swayed the English and French on Joan's proving to be an uninspired mortal. The true historical reflection on her fall is,—that the savage injustice of her fate attests at once the extravagant enthusiasm and the craven fears with which French and English had reciprocally regarded her. In her hours of triumph as in those of her agony, all around her were worked on by more than ordinary passions.

Battles and scenes requiring picturesque description are not the themes best fitted for this writer's treatment. Subjects appealing merely to the civilian are more suited to his pen. He tells the story of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with force and feeling:—and we will extract it as a favourable specimen of his style. But to bring it within reasonable space, we must break the narrative.—

"Since the death of Wycliffe, though the numbers of his followers went on increasing, and the cruel law of Henry IV. had not been rigorously executed, yet two examples had been made, as we have seen, those of Sawtré and Bradie: there was a growing disposition to enforce the statute; and the Reformers, though they retained even with stronger attachment than ever their particular tenets, were inclined to shun public observation, reading their favourite books at home, and hearing their chosen preachers either in the privacy of their families, or in places remote from the concourse of men. But they had still protectors of eminent station, even of considerable influence. Among these was a person of extraordinary virtue, of high rank, and of such accomplishments also as are apt to fix the regards of the vulgar—Sir

John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a knight greatly distinguished in the wars, a gentleman of unsullied reputation for honour, the head of an ancient house, and by right of marriage a peer of the realm. But these qualities, or accidental illustrations, fade away by the side of his noble courage and unshaken faithfulness to his opinions upon the most momentous of all subjects; opinions gravely taken up, conscientiously cherished, maintained to the death. He had in early life been, like others of his rank, given to the indulgencies which fortune placed within his reach; but, having become acquainted with the doctrines of Wycliffe, he had ceased to regard any thing as important compared with the pursuit of religious truth, the cultivation of a pure morality, and the helping to free mankind from the thralldom of popery, and cleanse the church of Christ from its pollutions. Filled with kindly feelings, his generous nature could ill bear to see his humbler brethren in the true faith suffering under oppression, and as if afraid of openly testifying to the doctrines which, in common with them, he heartily believed. Endued with a dauntless spirit, and himself incapable of submission where he felt he was in the right, he held forth a helping hand to others less capable of resisting unaided the force of the ruling powers. His mansion of Cowling Castle, in Kent, thus became the resort of the reformed teachers. Whoever dreaded persecution was sure of a shelter under his roof; and the books of Wycliffe, the Gospel treasures unlocked by him to the people, the traditions of his wisdom, the commemoration of his virtues, formed the habitual subjects of meditation or converse within his hospitable walls. The steady friendship and the important protection which he thus extended to the sect, as well as the influence of his example, so useful to the progress of the reformed doctrines, not unnaturally excited the jealousy of the church party; and the Primate Arundel was among the first disposed to take the alarm—if he might hope for success, to take council also against the formidable adversary. It was resolved to assail him by the new law, to question him closely upon his opinions, and to require an abjuration of all Wycliffe's tenets, under the penalty now denounced against recusants. The crafty prelate saw that his enemy would thus be delivered into his hands; for a refusal to abjure called down the extreme vengeance of the secular arm, while a denial or recantation ensured the triumph of the orthodox in the disgrace of the dissenter. The Primate's scheme therefore, seemed skilfully devised; but there lay one serious obstacle in his way. The King, though he leaned strongly against the new sect, and following in his father's footsteps, was disposed to court the Church, had yet so much personal kindness towards Cobham, from early intimacy as well as his natural relish for a character open and fearless like his own, that there seemed no little risk of his support being withheld from the meditated proceeding, if it did not even give him offence. Arundel, therefore, prudently delayed to act until he had sounded Henry. In order, however, to lend the efforts of his priests a more imposing aspect, he repaired to Kensington Palace, then the royal residence, attended by many bishops and a great part of his clergy; stated the charges against Cobham in detail; and received an answer little commingling with a monarch's dignity, much less worthy of a man whose friend, a prince whose faithful servant, was assailed behind his back by the calumnies of interested enemies. Henry dwelt upon the rank of the accused, his peerage, and his knighthood; besought them to deal favourably with him; desired that they would endeavour to reclaim him, 'without rigour or extreme handling if it were possible'; but promised himself to 'commune with him, should their impatience brook no delay.' Such a feeble and craven intimation satisfied the Primate's party that they were safe in going on to their purpose. Trusting to the royal promise of intervention, they declined taking any further step until that had been performed: Cobham was accordingly called before the King; and it became at once apparent what must be the issue of the whole affair. They who have approached their sovereign's person, and been graciously, perhaps tenderly, entreated by him, can best tell how difficultly the voice accustomed to command is resisted when it stoops to implore. Chatham felt refusal all but impossible when asked

to gratify the King; Cobham had the far more difficult duty of rejecting the royal prayer, kindly preferred, of which his own safety, not his master's gratification, was the object. Being summoned into the presence, he was addressed with the gentleness which in his early years seemed a part of Henry's nature, and earnestly conjured to save himself by obedient submission and acknowledgment of his faults towards his mother, the Holy Church. But he made at once this memorable answer:—'You, most worthy prince, I am ever prompt and willing to obey as the sovereign appointed over me by God, which bear the sword to punish evil doers, and protect them that do well. Unto you, after him, my whole obedience is due, and ever hereafter as ever heretofore, with my fortune and my life will I yield me to all your commands in the Lord. But for the Pope and his spiritual power, truly, I owe him nor suit nor service, knowing him by the Scriptures to be the Antichrist, son of perdition, open adversary of God, and the abomination in the Holy Place.' The King, unworthy of such a servant, and incapable of estimating his worth, only felt a regal vexation at finding his well meant counsils thrown away, and the request peremptorily refused which he deemed it a singular condescension to have made. In this temper of mind he suddenly broke off the conversation, and dismissed the baron, who returned immediately to his castle at Cowling.

After describing the subsequent seizure and interrogations of Cobham, with his resolute replies, the narrative proceeds:—

Hereupon the Primate stood up, as did all the clergy, uncovered, and all the lay people uncovered in like manner, while the sentence was pronounced by the Primate. He set forth the particulars of the examination, and in the name of Christ, and appealing to him that the only motive of the judgment was his glory, and for preventing the prisoner, already had, from becoming worse and infecting the people, condemned him as guilty of detestable heresy, delivering him over to the secular arm. If any one should imagine that the repeated attempts made during this tormenting interrogatory to draw from the sufferer a denial, or recantation, betokened the least kindness towards him, it must be observed that the object of those efforts was not to justify the court in absolving him, but to obtain for themselves a triumph over his expected apostasy. They well knew, it is true, with whom they had to deal, and could have but faint hopes of any such result. But then they were at least secure of giving their proceeding some colour of reluctance to condemn, if not of compassion towards their victim; and accordingly we find the sentence couched in the language of self-laudation, yet throughout recording the attempts made to shake the prisoner's contumacy, and trepan him into a confession of his error. The vexation of the proceeding, independent of its issue, was most justly complained of by the illustrious accused. For many hours, on two several days, he was kept under the close questioning of prelates, priests, doctors, and lawyers—men deeply skilled in all the learning and all the subtleties of the metaphysical theology. Their interrogations were pressed upon him in every form; the subject of them was not any matter of fact, but only his own opinion and belief. Upon the answers he might give depended his fate; and not only was he compelled thus to furnish proof against himself, but the purport of his statement was to be judged by the court, and his guilt or innocence was to depend upon the opinion which they might form of his doctrines. Then the judges, or rather inquisitors, who were thus to weigh his merits, were so far from being impartial that they represented the party against whom he had thought, and spoken, and acted—the party who for their own interest, the cause of their spiritual order and temporal emolument, had put him upon his trial. The multitude of his adversaries assembled to judge him were supported by a surrounding multitude of their retainers; the court-house was filled with clerks, and canons, and friars, and parish clerks, bellringers, pardoners, in short, all who were sure to feel the most violent prejudice against him, who regarded him as their implacable and powerful enemy, and adding spiritual to secular business, 'decided him,' we are told, 'with innumerable mocks and scorns, reckoning him to be a horrible heretic, and a man accursed before God.' But all this dismayed him not. The

sentence itself he heard with an equal mind. With a cheerful countenance he addressed the court in a few but solemn words: 'Though ye judge my body,' said he, 'which is but a wretched thing, yet I am sure ye can do no harm to my soul. He that created will, of His infinite mercy, save it according to His promise, by whose eternal grace I will stand to what I have rehearsed, even to the very death.' Then, turning to the people and spreading out his hands, he bade them be well aware of these men, who would lead them to their perdition, blind leaders of the blind. When he had ended, falling on his knees and raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he prayed for his persecutors: 'Lord God eternal! I beseech Thee, for Thy great mercy's sake, to forgive my pursuers, if it be Thy blessed will!' Surely, whether we regard the greatness of the occasion, a strenuous fight with the arms of reason, piety, and faith, against the most pernicious error, the most enormous abuse—or the condition of the party, both in his worldly and his religious capacity—or the noble demeanour, the signal ability, the unshaken fortitude displayed by him in the most trying circumstances, when exposed to the greatest earthly peril without anything like a crime or even fault laid to his charge, and cheerfully sustaining himself when assailed by the united oppression of unlimited regal power and unmeasured popular obloquy—we must allow that history presents for our reverent admiration few passages more striking than this.

We would desire to give our readers a specimen of the easy adroitness with which this author uses his learning in his supplemental notes—some of which contain able strictures on various partial statements of Dr. Lingard. Referring to the Scotch inroad called "The Foul Raid,"—our author says:—

"Dr. Lingard (iii. 362) states as an undoubted fact that the expedition was undertaken in consequence of an understanding between the Scotch Cabinet and the Lollards, and he cites as his authority T. Wals, Fordun, and T. Elm. The two latter are wholly silent on the subject of any such understanding. T. Wals. (446) alone asserts that Cobham addressed the Scots with promises of large sums of money, and that he met Douglas at Pontefract. We have already shown the absurdity of this story. T. Liv. is wholly silent on any such charge against the Lollards, much as he hated what he terms their 'nefarious superstition' (7). It must be observed, too, that Henry himself had some time before received intimation of an attempt from Scotland, against which he warned those whom he left in charge before he sailed in August 1417. He expressly states that this attempt had been set on foot by the Duke of Orleans, who was then a prisoner of war, and whom he therefore desires to be kept in close custody at Pontefract (Let. of Henry V. apud T. Liv., ed. Hearne, p. 99). It is indeed by no means certain that the Scotch expedition took place before Cobham's death. Fordun's inaccuracy, as well as his contempt of dates, is proverbial. He confounds together the campaigns of 1415 and 1417 (ii. 448). T. Liv. (56) mentions Exeter's return so as to make the Scotch inroad appear later. Lingard (iii. 362), from being unacquainted with Scotch antiquities, says of the inroad, 'It proved a foul raid,' which tells nothing. The fact is, it was called ever after 'the foul raid,' meaning, the disgraceful incursion. In Hearne's edition of the 'Scotchichronicon,' it is in a note called 'foul raid,' and Harl. MS. (iv. 1186) is cited."

Our author's long critical note referring to the authorities on the history of Joan of Arc is another instance of his erudition and research. But of his great literary attainments there can be no doubt. We trust that he will continue his historical pursuits. His learning, absence of clap-trap, and freedom from the gaudy artifices of colourists, combined with his industry, must in any case secure him literary credit. By studying narration as it is explained by those who have philosophically treated of the art of writing history, he will acquire more of the method of stating the facts which his researches bring before him. He will do well not to overlook Lucian's admirable tract on the method of writing history; and even in the Abbé de

Mably's essay on the same subject he will find valuable hints. In his desire to attain the chaste severe style of a historian, let him take pains in the selection of those facts and incidents which when plainly stated always move a reader. We have no doubt that if this author shall continue to write history he will honourably signalize his name. We could much wish that he would put together his "Notes on Lingard," something in the manner of Mr. Brodie's strictures on Hume. His notes here prove that such a volume from his pen would be valuable,—and from the wide acceptance that Lingard has attained it is much wanted.

Sketches from Popular and Still Life—[*Skizzen aus Natur und Völkerleben*]. By J. G. Kohl. 2 vols. Dresden, Kunze; London, Dulau & Co.

So nearly marvellous is the diligence of German pens, that even familiarity with it does not always prevent surprise. There seems to be no limit to the space of paper they can cover, not with froth and bubbles merely, but with good scholars' ink, in a tolerably fair hand, setting down substantial matter, the produce of thought, observation, or study, as the case may be,—sometimes of all three together—which diligent readers may peruse to some profit, if not with extreme pleasure. It is no mere accident that the language of these industrious writers is of all modern tongues that which best expresses their quality. *Schreibselig*—"blest with a gift of writing"—not only conveys the notion of fluency, but also rates the abundance itself as a kind of happiness.

This felicity, whatever it may be worth, cannot be denied to our old acquaintance Herr Kohl,—who from Dresden favours the public with these two miscellaneous octavos nearly at the same moment when offering them at Leipzig the pair of solid duodecimos which we lately described [see *Athen.* No. 1237] on the Rhine. The new volumes contain a total of more than seven hundred well-filled pages, of various matter, all relating to Germany:—political lucubrations—statistics, moral, social and sumptuary—notes of visits to strange places, of customs, superstitions, or dialects prevailing in particular spots—ethnographic essays—collections on fluvial geography—characters ofCRETINISM—and vaticinations of a "German fleet." Of this composite mass—parts of which imply no small amount of previous study and reference—a fair half has been written within a space of three years (between 1848–50),—most likely for various periodicals. Many of the essays partake of the character of our Review articles; while shorter political chapters have probably done duty before as newspaper "leaders."

With the latter, which open Vol. I., we have no concern. It is true that what belongs to the special domain of politics at home soon becomes history abroad; but in order to such uses here, we should have to re-compose, instead of describing, this part of Herr Kohl's labours. It will be enough to say, that they are bent on expressing a lively dislike and total distrust of such republican systems and remedies as were rife in 1848–9. The negative side of these is laid bare with sufficient address; but in reference to opposite principles, or in general views of the science of government, which call for a more difficult exercise of mind, the writer seldom rises beyond mere commonplace, and cannot be praised for much strength or ingenuity.

The essay that follows, entitled 'Panem et Circenses,' is one of the most entertaining in the collection. It discusses in great detail the changes and improvements in the housing, food, dress, and amusements of Europeans—German

especially—within the last century: the result being to establish on the whole the vast advance of modern life in all common necessities and comforts. The particulars adduced in support of this view have been carefully gathered from a wide field of information; some are curious, and the comments on selected points are often both lively and acute. The growing use of silk, for instance, as an article of dress leads to a view of its effect on costume, which is not without novelty.—

Silk is an agreeable and healthy material. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture-covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colours with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull surfaces of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness; will not readily imbibe dirt; and does not harbour vermin so kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it, like thick woollen or linen, without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore,—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used, instead of linen and wool,—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange grotesque fashions, originating in the use of linen, would never have been invented during the more general employment of silk. The fluttering ribbon, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our costume more natural and pleasing to the eye. It is therefore satisfactory to see this gay material becoming every day the property of a wider circle of consumers.

An article on "The Slavonic People and Panslavic tendencies" has evidently been prepared as an antidote to certain views of the latter which have lately excited attention, not in Germany alone. The early records of the Slavonic races, their migrations and historic progress, described with considerable learning, are brought down through successive ages to modern times; and serve to introduce a view of the actual distribution, political bearing, religious divisions, character, languages, and civilization of the several Slavonic bodies of modern Europe,—from which are drawn conclusions against the ideal union of these separate branches of a common stock in any coherent Panslavic whole. Uniform as the Slavonic races may be in many respects, there has been no stronger feature in the national character since their first known appearance than the constant tendency to split into divided tribes,—and the proneness of these to mutual hostility, is far more inveterate than any common animosity towards an alien blood.

The Poles and Russians, the two main branches of the Slavonic stock, have been separated from of old by political enmity. The Poles in earlier times dealt as hardly with Moscow as the Russians have more recently done with Warsaw:—they had formerly tyrannized over the Russians as much as they are now enslaved by them. This reciprocal antipathy is historical, and deeply rooted on both sides. Hatred of the Poles, among Russians of all ranks, comes out more strongly than almost any other national dislike; and among the Poles the hate of Russians is not less vehement and profound. Historical antipathies between the other Slavonic branches are also on record,—though these have fallen out of sight under the dominion of foreigners. The tribes on the Elbe and Oder were in constant quarrel with each other, in the very face of the German enemy; with whom, even, they would often unite from mere hatred to antagonists of their own blood. The battles between the Poles and the Bohemians were most bloody, and continued nearly down to the term of their existence as independent States. To this day the Bohemians and Poles revile each other, not only in the common sayings of the vulgar, but in the writings of the more cultivated. For proof of this, read the Polish-Bohemian disputes in the Slavonic 'Central Papers.' The Slavonic Bohemians, Mora-

vians, and Slovaks were never well disposed to each other. * * The Bulgarians and Servians south of the Danube contended no less cruelly than the Poles and Russians:—they each laid waste the other's territories. A late historian of the Southern Slavons, the French Professor Cyprian Robert, asserts that the Servians, if the Bulgaro-Servian union which they covet should ever come to pass, would tyrannize over the Bulgarians as hardly, or worse, than the Turks:—for which reason the Bulgarians rather fear than like their Servian neighbours. The Illyrian tribes have scarcely ever been able to live in peace together: even the rule of the foreigner could hardly force them to cease fighting. They are divided by national antipathies and by hatred grounded in their former history. The Bulgarians, the Illyrians, the Czechs, all the Slavons, indeed, might incline to the Russians, in the way the Panslavists desire. They would be glad enough to be released by the Russians from foreign supremacy, and raised to the condition of sovereign nations; but as they actually fear that Russia would swallow them up herself, and make their future harder even than their present lot, this ill-suppressed apprehension deters them from Russia, in spite of other motives. Nor are the Russians, either, by any means at one among themselves. The Little-Russian, robbed by the Great-Russian of his independence, and altogether in constitution a being of a different sort, hates him hardly less bitterly than the Pole.

The note of one or two of the many superstitions still current will give but a faint idea of their number and variety, embracing nearly every possible circumstance of humble life. Among those relating to omens, the following are not the least impressive.—

If the lips of a corpse retain their redness, it is a sign that it means to give the death-kiss to somebody else; and that within the year another must follow. The same will happen if the eyes of the corpse are by any neglect omitted to be closed after death. In most villages they have what is called the "corpse plank;" on which they place the body when it is removed from the bed to be dressed. The bed being wanted for use as soon afterwards as possible, they do not like to leave the corpse in it long; but lay it on the "corpse-plank" immediately after death. This board is the property of the commune; but it is always left in the dwelling where it was last used, until a death occur in some neighbour's house, to which it is then carried. * * This corpse-plank is apt to behave at times in a very alarming manner. Usually it lies still enough in its place on the beams of the loft. But when a death is at hand, it often gives the first warning, by a sudden noise. It seems on such occasions to spring upwards, and then descends with a loud crash on the timbers. The people call this "the fall of the corpse-plank." "The corpse-plank has fallen," they whisper to each other, "Somebody is now going to die in the village." This does not invariably take place in the house where the plank is lying. The noise may also be heard in houses where it has not been for some time; in which case it signifies that one of the family there must die. If the plank "falls" early in the morning the death will follow suddenly:—if late in the evening, a somewhat longer notice is implied. I heard of a carpenter in Dresden to whom every order for a new coffin used to be regularly foretold by a "fall" of this kind.

Still wilder is the popular belief "in the possibility of a compact with the Evil One"—a persuasion rife with suspicion and apt for abuse, especially where its objects are "generally found among those whom fortune or their own industry have made richer than their neighbours." The result of the diabolic treaty is betrayed by the presence in the suspected house of a familiar—"the Dragon," usually incarnate in some insect or other small creature—which the owner tries to conceal in boxes or bye-places, feeding and conferring with it by night, or when he thinks himself alone. The millers, being among the richer sort of peasants,—and curiously enough in all countries disliked by the poor—are the most frequent victims of this prejudice of the Saxon vulgar.—

It is altogether a strange business to live with people who have "the Dragon." A miller's man, who had once worked in a mill where the owner was suspected of keeping a dragon, declared to me that he could not positively say if the report were true, but certainly knew that all was not as it should be in the mill. "There were always," he said, "a swarm of adders crawling about in the wheel-room, and even from behind the oven. Every morning we could track the adders in the meal on the mill floor. They would often come out in twos and threes in succession, and play with each other. Many a time they plumped out overhead from the old damp walls of the wheel-room; we now and then got their heads cut off. But then the rest of the carcase would draw itself back into the wall and disappear; and we could never quite root them out, although we destroyed numbers of them. The miller did not like us to kill them; and late at night we often saw him roaming about in the mill with bread crumbs in a basket: what he did there he told nobody. But we knew very well he was feeding the adders. On the morrow afterwards, instead of the crumbs, he had all kinds of coins in the basket, often old and strange-fashioned, round, three and four cornered; but none of us dared to ask him how he had come by them. At such times we used to say among ourselves "that he had again been to the little Grey Man—the adders' master—overnight, selling him the crumbs." * * One night I came home late, and saw a light through the window of a room, which I knew was occupied by nobody. I got a ladder, and mounted up to the window, to see who could be waking there so late. To my horror I saw seated in the room two men, each without a head; and although the chamber was lighted up, I could not perceive either lamp or candle in it. But as soon as I showed myself at the window, the two creatures started up and vanished; the room became dark in an instant; and for my part I was in such a fright that I all but fell from the ladder. After that I lost no time in quitting the miller's service. He gave me a couple of dollars beyond my due, and begged me to say nothing on the subject.

The "Remarks on Living and Cookery in the Erzgebirge" are well worth perusal:—but their details cannot be dishd up in a summary way. We must be content to report that they give a favourable picture of the frugality, temperance and good humour of these Saxon villagers,—a low idea of their intellectual state,—and evidences of decline rather than advance in their physical condition. Still, the general features, though rude enough, are not wanting in traits of character that bear witness to their descent from a noble stock,—now much changed, however, by a mixture of Slavonic blood, which shows itself both in customs and in speech. The notes on their cookery are minute, and might on the whole be termed satisfactory,—but for some revelations which it may be as well to leave to the curious reader. They refer to certain innovations in diet, whether by bold or by famished appetites, the details of which might be too much for nice English stomachs. In mercy to them, we shall not say what unusual kinds of food may be found in the pots and on the spits of some Erzgebirge epicures. It is proper, however, to advise travellers, whom love of the picturesque may take thither, to look well to their canine companions;—and, if they should chance to be belated in out-of-the-way quarters, it will be prudent to scrutinize before tasting the meats set before them, whether roast or sodden.

We have called these volumes an instance of ready writing. It is but fair to add, that they have not been idly written. Where the subject requires it, there appears proof of knowledge and research, creditable to the author and conducive to the instruction, while sustaining the faith, of the reader in matters of personal report. For conclusions on any ground lying beyond a limited reach of thought, Herr Kohl can hardly expect to pass as an authority. The middle class

of writers, whom poetry rejects, may, with certain restrictions, be accepted in prose: when they bring the fruits of study, or gleanings from remarkable or unfrequented places. In such offices, the merit of an author's assiduity may be fully acknowledged, without attaching more than a slight regard to his judgment on higher questions, the decision of which belongs to wisdom or to genius.

It is further remarked, that the Slavonic race, to present times, at least, have proved incapable of anything but the two extremes of political being. In their first rude state, "a democratic anarchy is the type of their national life; wherever this condition ends, there begins in the history of their several bodies the harshest oppression of the mass, by native despots, or by the not less severe tyranny of foreigners." Compared with the Romano-German nations, they have invariably shown themselves devoid of political creativeness and of capacity for progressive development. A Pan-Slavic empire, therefore, would be a frightful semi-barbarous engine, terrible to the civilized parts of Europe. Hitherto, Russia, the only power which could realize this idea, has given no public sign of embracing it. But she is prone to "bide her time;" and will not reject the means of enlarging her influence whenever she can safely do it. The scheme of Pan-Slavism—concludes the writer—would be merely chimerical, but for the existence of Russia:—but as it might by her ambition become a reality, it behoves all the Western powers to be vigilant against its encroachments. From this German view of the question—the result of a considerable mass of historical and statistical facts, clearly and ably discussed,—there will probably be little dissent among other cultivated nations of Europe.

The two next articles need not detain us long. The "German fleet," which they were designed to assist in creating, has already, since they were written, faded from the eyes of sanguine projectors into that shadowy condition which is the doom of all attempts to construct by mere words and wishes a reality that can grow up only by the organic virtue of national wants, circumstances and aptitudes. That Germany, even with all the dreams of complete union realized, could become a great maritime power, is simply denied by nature, in refusing to her any extent of navigable coast proportioned to the space of her inland territory,—any nautical population worth counting, when compared with the aggregate of inhabitants, to whom the sea and its habits must always be strange. With her Baltic waters sealed for nearly half the year by frost, with her Adriatic harbours separated by a whole continent from those in the North Sea,—these, too, barred by the Sound, those by the Straits of Gibraltar,—action on a great scale would be impossible. It would be vain to waste the treasure demanded to establish a fleet that in essential points would be lame from the moment of its birth. Great naval powers can be raised only from races largely addicted to the seas; and this can never be the case with more than a small part of those races that speak German. With money, a fleet may doubtless be built at home or purchased abroad; but to man and officer a navy fit for maritime empire, more is required than any draughts from a few sea-ports in the Baltic can supply:—above all things, a love of the sea in the people at large, which the Germans as a whole have never yet displayed. How truly this is the case now, might be seen even from Herr Kohl's own lamentations over the paltry gifts of the German public in aid of this chimerical enterprise in 1848.

According to the short-hand writer's reports of the

(Frankfurt) Parliament, the collection up to July 1848 amounted in all to the sum of 27,752 florins (2,000*l.* sterling):—about as much, in other words, as the crew of a single ship of the line would consume in a single month's time in biscuit and salt beef.

This estimate for the victualling of a man-of-war may indeed be found as extreme as the rest of Herr Kohl's practical notions of a fleet; but the fact deplored is not the less significant;—nor is the contrast between inflated expectations and ludicrous collapse the less diverting because the terms may on one side be exaggerated. On a trip down the Weser,—to discover the embryo of a German fleet,—described in the second article, there are some laughable instances of the puerile glee with which our worthy traveller nurses his fancy of a thing—which, beyond all others, most sternly refuses to exist as a toy or a make-believe. But we cannot devote any more space to harmless vagaries, on a topic already gone into the limbo of vain wishes.

Of a monograph, "The Danube," which closes the first volume, the design and method have been lately described, in our notice of the author's 'Essay on the Rhine' [*Athen.* No. 1237].

Allied to this, though more popularly treated, is the account, at the beginning of the second volume, of a voyage down the Moselle from Trèves to Coblenz; in which the aspects of that river and the condition of those who live on its banks are amusingly described,—with the same attention to details for which the writer had already gained credit in more remote excursions. This is the last paper of a recent date; the rest having been written at intervals between 1845 and 1847:—two in Switzerland, on the Dialect of the Bernese Oberland, and on Cretinism:—on neither of which we shall pause. The Essay on Swiss Idioms belongs to a chapter on grammar, the value of which compression would destroy:—and on Cretinism, so far as it presents a topic of general interest, we lately touched, on the occasion of Dr. Guggenbühl's Letter [*Athen.* No. 1234]. The remaining three articles—not the worst in the collection—belong to the class of local studies,—the ground being in or near the author's native Saxony. After an excursion across the Bavarian frontier to the stalactitic caverns of Franconia, near Forchheim, on the Upper Maine, he returns to districts east and south of Dresden. Here, after an interesting survey of the Slavonic population settled in Lusatia, or roaming westward, he sits down to record the rustic manners and superstitions, the specialties in food and cookery, among the German families that surrounded him during a residence of some length at the foot of the Erzgebirge. Foreign readers will find these studies among the most amusing parts of the volume.

Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. By Lady Theresa Lewis.

[Second Notice.]

THERE is no portrait in the Clarendon Collection at The Grove—rich as it is in portraits of eminent men—which the student of English history will look on with so much interest as the three-quarter portrait of Lucius Cary Viscount Falkland,—"the virtuous and the just," as he is called by Pope,—"the blameless and the brave," as he is called by Southey. No character in the written gallery of the "Great Rebellion" has been drawn by its author with greater nicety of touch or breadth of handling than the character of Falkland. Whenever an opportunity occurs to Clarendon of mentioning the name of Falkland, it is always accompanied

by some expression of affection and esteem. His great character of his friend—for he has drawn also many portraits of him in small—has been made, it has been happily observed, from near and repeated views:—to which we will add, that the outward appearance of the man seems to have been finished in after-life from the portrait at The Grove. Most truly does the written character answer to the figure on the canvas. No engraving has yet done justice to this impressive portrait; which, in addition to its value as answering to the likeness of the man as words portray him, has this further value, that it is the portrait which belonged to Clarendon himself.

It was to be expected, perhaps, that Lady Theresa Lewis as the descendant of Lord Clarendon, would find in Falkland the favourite hero of the gallery at The Grove,—and such is the case. Though she has done justice to both Capel and Hertford, and gathered scattered pieces of new information about their lives, with a painstaking and skilful hand,—yet it is with Falkland that we see Lady Theresa most at home. Her industry has brought new matter of moment to light,—and from her pages the following brief memoir of Falkland will be compiled:—though we shall take the opportunity of pointing out a few omissions and errors, such as our own cursory reading will enable us to make,—and for which from so painstaking a writer we feel assured that we shall obtain more thanks than critics generally obtain.

The father of Lucius Cary was the first Viscount Falkland, Sir Henry Cary of Aldenham:—a Hertfordshire gentleman, raised to a Scottish peerage by King James the First, and the immediate predecessor of the great Lord Strafford in the office of Lord Deputy in Ireland. His mother was the daughter and sole heir of Tanfield, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the reign of James the First,—whose name is now known to students of the Inns of Court principally by Tanfield Court in the Temple, so called after this once well-known dignitary of the law. The father was a man of many attainments; but his greatest reputation has been obtained—oddly enough—from his full-length portrait in a white dress, which hung till lately in the gallery of Strawberry Hill, and is known to have suggested 'The Castle of Otranto' to its author.

Lucius, the eldest son of his parents, was born, it is thought, at Burford, in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610. His name, however, is not to be found in the Burford registers:—so that while admitting the period of his birth—of which there can be little doubt—we must look elsewhere for the place of his birth. His education, he obtained, it is said, at Trinity College, Dublin; whether he was taken in 1622, when, in his twelfth year, his father was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. From Trinity College, Dublin, he was removed to St. John's College at Oxford; but the period of his residence there is not stated,—though the information might doubtless be obtained, and with ease, from the books of the college.

He does not seem to have been distinguished in early life for his attention to the graver studies of the University, and there is too much reason to believe that his College career was marked with some of those wild excesses commonly attributed to the heat and impetuosity of youth. Till Lady Theresa wrote, our next knowledge of him was obtained from a petition to Charles the First, presented by the father in favour of his son, then a prisoner in the Fleet. The cause of his confinement was unknown; but the researches of Lady Theresa Lewis have not only discovered the cause, but have brought to light the curious correspondence which led to his imprisonment.

He had obtained, it now appears, the command of a company in, there is reason to believe, an Irish levy, from which he was removed—why we know not—by King Charles the First. The following spirited letter to the officer to whom his company was given is undated,—but the period may be safely enough fixed as January 1629-30.

"Sir Lucius Cary to Sir Francis Willoughby.

"Sir,—If I had known certainly afore the other day that you had my company, and afore yesterday where your lodging was, you had afore now heard from me. Now, I hear you are to go towards Ireland on Monday, to which I shall be a little Remora. I only desire you to excuse me that I send a servant of mine and not a friend on such a business, for it is too short a time to make a friend in, and I had none ready to make. I do confess you a brave gentleman (and for mine own sake I would not but have mine adversary be so), but I know no reason why, therefore, you should have my company, and more than why therefore you should have my breeches, which if every brave man should have, I should be fain shortly to beg in *trousers*. I doubt not but you will give me satisfaction with your sword, of which, if you will send me the length, with time and place, you shall be sure (according to the appointment) to meet.

LUCIUS CARY."

To this Willoughby replied as follows:—

"Sir Francis Willoughby to Sir Lucius Cary.

"Sir,—Your lines, though unexpected in such a nature, I have received. 'Tis true, as I hear, that the company which was yours is conferred upon me, the knowledge of which came to my hands not above eight days ago. It was no suit of mine to deprive you of anything you possessed, but to the contrary, I desired that neither your honourable father's, nor yours, nor Sir Charles Coote's companies might be transferred to me; and this my respect will be witnessed by very good men. This proceeded out of a due respect to my Lord your father, unto whom I have ever given all due respects. And there is no man living that can justly tax me that ever I sought for any particular company, either yours or any man else, and therefore am free from doing you wrong. I have lost better fortunes by following His Majesty than any is given me yet. This is well known to the world, and I could wish that I were rendered in the same estate I was in, and you your company again; but being this is an act of His Majesty's, who doubtless will maintain it, I shall be the bolder to justify myself in it; yet shall I not willingly accept of this your letter as sufficient cause of a quarrel with you, my conscience giving sufficient assurance that I never wronged you. With this I will conclude, that if this answer be not sufficient to plead my innocence, I will be found ready to give you any content befitting a gentleman. In the meantime, I shall desire that you will ground your business well, and not rashly run into an error, in laying a blame upon him that hath not deserved. This my answer, being both modest and just, I refer to your further consideration, and so I end, and rest yours to dispose of.

"FR. WILLOUGHBY."

Still unsatisfied, Sir Lucius sent his friend, it appears, with a second message for the length of Sir Francis's sword, and the exact time and place. Sir Francis again replied in writing.—

"Sir Francis Willoughby to Sir Lucius Cary.

"Sir,—Since my last answer to yours, which I presumed might have served to have excused him that never wronged you, yet I find by relation from Capt. Rainsford that you rest unsatisfied, and, as he tells me, it is because I have accepted of that company which was yours and taken from you by His Majesty, and of late conferred upon me by the Lords Justices, and further he tells me that in regard you cannot strike at the hand, you must and will strike at the stone that lies lower. If this be your meaning, then this is my answer:—That as I no ways have done you wrong, so am I resolved to receive none from you; yet you, being the son of a father for whom I have and do much honour, and would be glad to retain his Honour's good opinion, I do out of a good conscience and these respects desire to show an unjust and ill-grounded quarrel with you;

wherein if you persist, then I desire you to take notice by these that what I have received is by gift from His Majesty, which I am bound in duty to maintain with my life, or else unworthy of it. What is conferred upon me is done by the Lords Justices, which I am also in honour bound to make good. So as I will conclude that my cause being just, I shall be ready to perform what I have here written; and in regard it is well known that my intended journey hath been long in expectation, and now being ready to journey within three days, for many reasons cannot divert my course from Bristol, where if you desire to meet me I shall express myself to be an honest man and shall endeavour to give you content in your desire. And so I rest as you shall or will conceive of me.

FR. WILLOUGHBY.

"I beg, sir, let me understand your mind by writing,—it will be the better concealed."

Notwithstanding Sir Francis's caution to Sir Lucius, the secret reached the ear of the King; and on the 17th of January, 1629-30, a warrant was issued to the Warden of the Fleet prison to receive into his custody the person of Sir Lucius Cary and to keep him prisoner until further orders. It was at this period that the Lord Deputy appealed to the King in the following remarkable petition.—

"The Lord Falkland's Petition to the King,

"Most humbly showing that I had a son until I lost him in your Highnesses displeasure, where I cannot seek him because I have not will to find him there. Men say there is a wild young man now prisoner in the Fleet for measuring his actions by his own private sense. But now that for the same your Majesty's hand hath appeared in his punishment, he bows and humbles himself before and to it. Whether he be mine or not I can discern by no light but that of your royal clemency; for only in your forgiveness can I own him for mine. Forgiveness is the glory of the supremest power, and this the operation: that when it is extended in the greatest measure, it converts the greatest offenders into the greatest lovers, and so makes purchase of the heart—an especial privilege peculiar and due to sovereign princes. If now your Majesty will vouchsafe out of your own benignity to become a second nature and restore that unto me which the first gave me, and vanity deprived me of, I shall keep my reckoning of the full number of my sons with comfort, and render the tribute of my most humble thankfulness: else my weak old memory must forget one."

The result was, that Sir Lucius was released on the 27th of January, 1629-30,—making the period of his imprisonment ten days. His imprisonment weaned him from the excesses in which he had formerly indulged,—and on his release he would appear to have taken to books and to cultivating the friendship of distinguished men. He now became acquainted with Hyde, then a young man ambitious like himself of distinction for verse,—and with Ben Jonson, whose genius, learning and companionable qualities brought a little senate around him, by whom he was called "father," they in return being called by him "sons." Of this society was Sir Henry Morison, whose sister Sir Lucius married about the year 1631 or 1632, much to the annoyance of the Lord Deputy, who was busy at the time negotiating a marriage of his son with the daughter of the Lord Treasurer Weston. It is said that the Lord Deputy never forgave his son,—and that belief is strengthened by the short period which elapsed between the marriage of Sir Lucius and his father's death. In September 1633 the Lord Deputy was killed while hunting at Theobalds. He died intestate,—leaving a widow, whose masculine understanding was afterwards exerted in endeavouring to convert her son Sir Lucius to the religion of the Roman Catholics.

On his marriage, Lord Falkland—as he must now be called—retired to the estate of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, which he had inherited direct from his maternal grandfather, Chief Baron Tanfield. Here he dedicated his time

to learning, to controversial divinity, and to the conversation of Chillingworth. In the classic shades of Great Tew, Ben Jonson may have wandered;—and it is easy to conjure up with the help of Clarendon what Falkland's virtuous life was like at this memorable period. Poetry and divinity engaged his attention; and if he had written verse equal to his prose—or to his speeches—he would have found a higher place among poets than even Lady Theresa in her pardonable partiality would assign to him. His early effusions were distinguished by the licentiousness of his age and of his own life,—his later compositions by a pastoral affection for which it is not easy to forgive him. But the verse of Falkland is very little known,—nor is Lady Theresa herself at all "well up" in the poetry of her hero. She has missed a very long poem on the death of Mary Villiers, Marchioness of Hamilton,—and other "versicles" to which, were this the place, we could easily direct her attention.

From the peaceful seclusion of Great Tew, and from controversies with Chillingworth, Lord Falkland was aroused by the war-blast which blew from Scotland to terrify and enrage a King fitter to talk to Vandeyck and Massinger than to govern England in such yeasty times. In the expedition to the North, King Charles the First was accompanied by Lord Falkland,—with the best wishes in verse of Cowley and of Waller. He was with the King also on his return; and made his first appearance in the House of Commons in the Parliament assembled for the first time on the 3rd of November, 1640,—a memorable Parliament, indeed, for it beheaded the King by whom it was called together, and was dismissed and turned adrift in the height of its pride by one of its own members. In this Parliament Lord Falkland sat for Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

From this period his history is found in the pages of Clarendon,—and told so charmingly that it is impossible to abridge what he has said, as it is needless to transcribe it. Lord Falkland was made Secretary of State to the King on the 1st of January 1641-2; and fell, in his thirty-fourth year, at the battle of Newbury, on the 20th of September, 1643. He is buried in the church of Great Tew,—but no monument marks the spot. He stands, however, in the New Houses of Parliament, in marble, by the side of his friend, the great Lord Clarendon. In the House they always sat together,—and in the same book they will live together. He was an able and a temperate man; and had his advice been acted on his country might have been spared much of the civil discord which distracted it and wasted some of its best blood. Had he lived he would doubtless have been yet better known. He died young,—and Jonson has told us in delicious verse that his death is not to be regretted.—

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in small measures life may perfect be.

Should Lady Theresa Lewis have occasion to reprint her book, she will do well to procure a copy of Lord Falkland's will,—from which she will find that Lorenzo was his third, not his second son. We would recommend her at the same time to collate the copy of Cowley's letter about the Sortes Virgilianæ with the letter as originally printed in Brown's 'Miscellanæ Aulicæ.' Lady Theresa, copying Johnson's 'Life of Cowley,' makes Cowley say, "Virgil has told the same thing to that purpose,"—instead of, "Virgil has told me something to

that purpose." The same error occurs in every edition of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.'

NEW NOVELS.

Emily Howard. By Mrs. Dunlop. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE novelty in this love story is, the scene in which its greater portion is laid—Portugal. Of that country, with its bright skies, genial climate, abundant fruits, and courteous inhabitants, Mrs. Dunlop writes with the ecstatic fondness of a lover; and some of the episodic pictures and descriptions have all the glow of real experience. Here, for instance, is a pretty vignette taken at Cintra.—

"They found Carlos and his sister holding a lively conference with the two queijada [cheese-cake] girls of Cintra, as to the possibility of hoisting the cheese-cake basket in safety within reach of the little purchase. 'Come, Emily,' cried Sophia, 'help us with your handkerchief; we have knotted ours together, but they are still too short, and we have such a longing for a queijada.'—'My handkerchief will scarcely help you,' said Emily, 'it is so small; but Sefa has a long string in her work-basket, I know.'—And forgetting alike her tears and what had caused them, she ran to a seat at a little distance, where sat the 'faithful Josefa,' as Courtenay called her, so placed, that she could cast an occasional glance at her young charges, and keep at the same time a watch on the road below the quinta, so that not a human being passed to or from the village, or entered or came out of Madame Belem's hotel, without her having a short speculation as to their proceedings, whilst she held in her hand the eternal half-knitted stocking, of which a Portuguese female never seems to weary, from the hour when she is first taught to cast so many stitches on her needle, to the hour of her death. 'Minha Sefinha,' exclaimed Emily, coaxingly, 'give me a piece of string, or some of this cotton,' laying hold of the ball in Josefa's lap; 'do, dear Sefa,' she continued, as the latter in alarm resumed her precious ball; 'and I will bring you a nice fresh queijada.'—'Here is something stronger than cotton, Minha flor,' said the good woman, drawing forth the string Emily already spoke of, 'since you will buy queijadas not half so good as those José, the cook, makes at home.'—'Oh, so much nicer,' said Emily, 'and then the poor girls must make a little money.'—'The girls ought to stay at home,' said Josefa, grumblingly; 'the gentlemen spoil them with flattery—there are Senhor Arturo and Senhor Carlos telling them now how pretty they are.'—'They are waiting for the string,' exclaimed Emily, as she ran hastily back to her companions, who were laughing at the compliments which Carlos was lavishing on the younger of the two peasants; and certainly the experienced Josefa seemed to have some reason in her assertion that the girls would be spoiled, as from day to day during the Cintra season, they were accustomed to words and looks too well calculated to make them long for more of luxury and ease than belonged to their humble cottage life. The resemblance between the two peasant girls was so strong, that no one could doubt their near relationship; but one was evidently some years older than the other, and it was the younger, with her smiles and blushes, who received the largest share of admiration, whilst the elder stood by with a self-possessed expression, as of one who knows exactly what it all means and where it all must end. 'Did you make them with your own beautiful hands, Senhora Maria das Queijadas?' asked Carlos, as he drew up the basket. 'Ah, that accounts for their being so good. I defy even the nuns of San Bento to rival you, or the far-famed sisters of Santa Clara, at Oporto.'—The girl laughed, and said she could not do anything so well as the holy nuns—that no one could, however hard they tried.—'But that does not make you wish to take the veil,' said Courtenay, smiling; 'not even to make queijadas fit for angels.'—'Angels do very often eat ours,' said the elder peasant smartly, as she looked at the three children, who were each devouring a cake; 'and, if we were nuns, we could not have the pleasure of eating them.'—'Ah, well, it is clear you have no vocation for the convent,' said Carlos; 'perhaps you

do not think the habit would be so becoming as that pretty head dress and graceful cloak.' And he again threw so much admiration into his eyes as he looked at the young peasant, who wore over her black shining hair the usual white muslin handkerchief, tied coquettishly beneath the chin, and the little brown cloak that hardly reaches below the waist, hanging so loosely open in front as to display whatever grace or beauty there may be in the form, that Josefa, could she have seen him at that moment, must have had her convictions strengthened as to the danger the queijada girls were exposed to of being spoiled, and even Courtenay thought it might be discreet to dismiss them."

Under the sun of the South passion ripens fast, and sweet Emily Howard, though of English parentage, must pay for her breeding among the Portuguese by an early and feverish initiation into many mysteries of the heart.—In Mrs. Dunlop's *Paradise* those grim and ruthless things called family compacts do not so much roughen as bar, break, and cut short for ever, the course of true love. Our heroine inspires a hopeless affection in a young Portuguese, whose parents have betrothed him to a fitting young lady:—and who is glad, rather than otherwise, to die, by way of extrication from tyrannical constraint—especially seeing that Emily will not respond to his vows.—On the death of this youth, his sister becomes the representative of her family, and her suitable marriage is now to be cared for. In Sophia's happy days of obscurity, she was allowed to dispose of hand and heart as she pleased:—this disposal, however, must now be reversed. She is accordingly torn from her lover, who is coolly handed over to her younger sister, and who acquiesces—such is Portuguese man!—in the transfer. She forcibly disposed of to a new partner resembling "the old Lord of Antiquera" in the ballad of 'Almanzor and Zuaida,'—and dies of her agony. We have dwelt on these incidents as giving a colour of individuality to the novel:—they are only accessories, however, to the tale of Emily Howard's own trials—which is of a very threadbare pattern, though not ill wrought. We should set a considerable value on a story of modern life which could begin, continue, and end, without the breaking of that bank, or the failure of that mercantile house, in which the fortune of the heroine's parents was embarked. It becomes truly wearying again and again to see this catastrophe impending and to feel the crash, yet all the while to know (as experience teaches us) that the charming individuals in whom we are interested are only thereby to be frightened and not really hurt.

The Heir of Ardennan: a Story of Domestic Life in Scotland. By the Author of 'Anne Dysart.' 3 vols. Colburn.

WE have here another of those agreeable and well-intended stories written by receipt, as it were, rather than out of the heart's fullness or from the fancy's promptings. But for its having a thousand predecessors and prototypes, 'The Heir of Ardennan' would be more than usually commendable. The sisters Caroline and Agnes would excite suspense and affection as modern impersonations of *Mary* and *Martha* with additions and emendations. The household of Locharroch would strike a chill into our hearts as a new revelation of straight-laced mediocrity. The passion of the Byronic Mr. Cornish for Violet would be admired as something very lurid, intense, and terrible, from which no holy or happy issue could be expected.—We could further lift up "the hands of approval" on being introduced to the silly Isabella and the sentimental Maria. As matters stand, however,—pleasant and passionate as are the above personages,—we feel when we are among them in the midst of a circle of such very old friends, that we pine for new faces, new modes of attire,

new topics, new figures of speech.—While there is nothing to blame in 'The Heir of Ardennan,' we cannot encourage its author to do more than expect the place of a passing visitant to our circulating libraries, who must look to being elbowed thence so soon as "The Chief of Ardrossan" or "The Orphan of Ardornish" shall arrive from New Burlington or Great Marlborough Street.

The Village Queen; or, Summer in the Country. By Thomas Miller. With Water-colour Drawings by Edward Wehnert, John Abso- lon, William Lee, and Harrison Weir. Addey & Co.

THE above list of illustrating artists will prepare the reader to hear that this is a picture-book rather than a novel; and that we should, perhaps, administer justice most mathematically did we dilate on the yearly, monthly, nay weekly improvements made and making in the art of "chromatic printing," and here exemplified, in place of stating that the work is devoted to the story of Ellen Lawson, of Oakapple Cottage, the Queen of the village, whose beauty, innocence, love, sorrow, and good fortune are told by Mr. Miller in a poetical and pastoral style, not exhibiting any country life with which we are familiar,—yet which still has a certain favour and prettiness—a music and a poetry—peculiar to himself. Enough is herein said to characterize this handsome volume, and to recommend it to all lovers of rural sentimentality, whether they love the same as depicted or as described.

The Men of the Time in 1852; or, Sketches of Living Notables. Bogue.

THE idea which we at first supposed this work was intended to body forth struck us as excellent. We have Red Books, Blue Books, Peerage Books, Court Guides, Army, Navy, and Clergy Lists, Directories, and other works, each containing a muster-roll of specialities; but no work devoted to "the men of the time,"—Nature's nobles. This, however, we regret to observe, is not the exact promise held forth in the title-page. There "notables," instead of nobles, is written:—a very different thing,—and which includes any and every body who has contrived to make noise enough—wise or unwise, honoured or infamous.

But whether "The Men of the Time" be limited to Nature's nobles or extended to "notables," there is an obvious difficulty in preparing such a work. The duty of a compiler of any one of the other above enumerated volumes is clear and defined;—"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms," will find his proper place therein. They deal in a class of specialities about which there can be no dispute;—whereas Nature's nobles, or even "notables," depend on opinion,—and the most conscientious caterer runs the risk of either losing himself in a boundless field of mediocrities, or of being cabined and confined within the pale of his own narrow sympathies or knowledge. These difficulties suggested themselves the moment we had read the title-page of the work,—and an examination of the work itself confirmed our first impression. We found therein names that reminded us of the flies in amber, and we wondered how they got there,—but we wondered still more that numbers numberless were not there at all. Here is a somewhat extraordinary list of omissions—of nobles not notables—made after five minutes' research, in our own one special department:—Hallam, Alison, Mahon, Lindsay, Palgrave, Giles, Kemble, Maitland, Wright, Collier, Ellis, Laing, Prior, Kingslake, Wilkinson, Borrow, Head, De Tocqueville, Milnes, Taylor, James, Halliwell, Cooley—Westmacott, Baily, Mulready,—in brief, many

English, and nearly all the foreign artists,—Ruskin, Gwilt, Waagen, Passavant, Britton—Whewell, Airy, Lindley, Playfair, Liebig, Bell, Spence, Owen, Wheatstone, Forbes (2), Carpenter, Daubeny, De la Beche, Yarrell, Gray, Ansted—De Morgan, Lardner—Stephenson, Brunel, Rendel, Rennie, Walker, Paxton—Napier (all except C. J.), Rowland Hill, Back, Beechey, Richardson, Belcher,—but enough, in all conscience, to justify what we have said.

In fact, the compiler does not appear to have very maturely considered his subject, nor the publisher to have been very certain of the success of the work; both parties, therefore, have proceeded timorously, and a small compact annual volume was the hoped-for result. Now, to ensure a public,—to make 'The Men of the Time' as successful as they no doubt desired—it should have been so comprehensive as to be indispensable;—three or four times the size of the present volume; a perennial, or a biennial at most. The publisher may be assured that neither "Nature's nobles" nor her "notables" come in and go out with a season,—there is not an early crop, nor a late crop, nor a fresh crop every year. However, our special concern is with the execution of the volume; and here there are evidences of extreme haste, confirmatory of the hurry which is implied in the offer of such a list of names as a representation of "The Men of the Time." Errors are abundant:—and this fact contradicts that suggestion of the Editor which appears to throw on the several parties figuring in this book the responsibility of the particulars given. Mr. Philip Bailey, for instance, must know that he *has* written a poem since 'Festus,'—Mr. Procter that his name is not *Walter*,—Mr. Horne that he was never christened *Richard Henry*.—In portions of the work more pains seem to have been taken,—and, from these portions, we will give a specimen or two, that the reader may form his own opinion.—

"*Croker, the Right Hon. John Wilson*, once the hope of the old Tory party, but more honourably known in letters, was born in the county of Galway, in 1780, but is of English descent. His father was surveyor-general in Ireland, and was a man of ability. The son was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the bar in 1802, and in 1807, having been retained as counsel at an election for Downpatrick, he was eventually returned as member for that borough, and from that time to the year 1832 sat in the House, representing for five years the University of Dublin. For one and twenty years, namely, from 1809 to 1830, he held the office of Secretary to the Admiralty; and in 1828 was sworn of the Privy Council. His industry, his boldness and acuteness in debate, combined with great power of ridicule and complete mastery of details, made him an invaluable member of his party, and marked him out for higher office in some future Tory cabinet. It was, however, his misfortune, that his uncommon shrewdness failed to appreciate either the state of the nation or the true policy of Conservatism; for, in the moment of the passing of the Reform-bill, he declared that 'he would never sit in a reformed House of Commons'; and from that time he has been politically defunct. His literary career presents him in a more pleasing aspect. His first publication, a volume, called 'Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq.,' gave earnest of the then power of sarcasm which marked his more mature productions. It was succeeded by a short pamphlet, which, under the title of 'An Intercepted Letter from Canton,' gave a satirical picture of the City of Dublin. His next efforts were, 'Songs of Trafalgar'; 'The Battle of Talavera'; a 'Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present'; 'Letters on the Naval War with America'; 'Stories from the History of England, for Children,' the model (as Sir Walter Scott states in his preface) of the 'Tales of a Grandfather'; 'Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther'; 'The Suffolk Papers'; 'Military Events of the French Revolution of 1830'; a translation of 'Bassompierre's Embassy to England'; an edited version of the 'Letters of Lady Hervey,'

and of Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second'; and an annotated edition of 'Boswell's Life of Johnson.' Croker's successful parliamentary and official career brought him into intimacy with the most distinguished literary lights of the day; and in 1809, in conjunction with Scott and Canning, he started the *Quarterly Review*, which has ever since owed some of its most vigorous papers to his pen. His 'Boswell' was hailed as a truly valuable contribution to the literature of our country, and raised great expectations of the fruit of its author's future leisure; it might, however, have been written by an industrious man with a tittle of Croker's ability. He was once asked at a party by a blue-stocking countess, if he had brought out any new work: 'Nothing,' he replied, 'since the last Mutiny Act.' It is now twenty years since the world received any gift from his pen more important than articles in the *Quarterly Review*, which seem likely to contain all the observations he desires to make on the history of his own time."

"*Faraday, Michael*, England's most eminent chemist, was born in 1794, the son of a poor blacksmith. He was early apprenticed to one Ribeau, a bookbinder, in Blandford Street, and worked at the craft until he was twenty-two years of age. Whilst an apprentice, his master called the attention of one of his customers (Mr. Dance, of Manchester Street) to an electrical machine and other things which the young man had made; and Mr. Dance, who was one of the old members of the Royal Institution, took him to hear the four last lectures which Sir Humphry Davy gave there as professor. Faraday attended, and seating himself in the gallery, took notes of the lectures, and at a future time sent his manuscript to Davy, with a short and modest account of himself, and a request, if it were possible, for scientific employment in the labours of the laboratory. Davy, struck with the clearness and accuracy of the memoranda, and confiding in the talents and perseverance of the writer, offered him, upon the occurrence of a vacancy in the laboratory in the beginning of 1813, the post of assistant, which he accepted. At the end of the year he accompanied Davy and his lady over the Continent as secretary and assistant, and in 1815 returned to his duties in the laboratory, and ultimately became Fullerian Professor. Mr. Faraday's researches and discoveries have raised him to the highest rank among European philosophers, while his high faculty of expounding to a general audience the result of recondite investigations makes him one of the most attractive lecturers of the age. He has selected the most difficult and perplexing departments of physical science, the investigation of the reciprocal relations of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity; and by many years of patient and profound study has contributed greatly to simplify our ideas on these subjects. It is the hope of this philosopher that should life and health be spared he will be able to show that the imponderable agencies just mentioned are so many manifestations of one and the same force. Mr. Faraday's great achievements are recognized by the learned societies of every country in Europe, and the University of Oxford in 1832 did itself the honour of enrolling him among her Doctors of Laws. In private life he is beloved for the simplicity and truthfulness of his character, and the kindness of his disposition."

"*Montgomery James*, Poet, was born as long ago as November 4, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His father was a Moravian minister, who, leaving his son in Yorkshire to be educated, went to the West Indies, where he and the poet's mother both died. When only twelve years old, the bent of the boy's mind was shown by the production of various small poems. These indications could not save him at first from the fate of the poor, and he was sent to earn his bread as assistant in a chandler's shop. He thirsted for other occupations, and one day set off with 3s. 6d. in his pocket to walk to London, to seek fame and fortune. In his first effort he broke down, and for a while gave up his plan to take service in another shop. Only for a time, however, was he content, and a second effort to reach the metropolis was successful, so far as bringing him to the spot he had longed for, but unsuccessful to his second hope,—that of finding a publisher for a volume of his verses. But the publisher who refused Montgomery's poems accepted his labour, and made him his shop-

man. Fortune, however, as she generally does, smiled at last on the zealous youth, and in 1792 he gained a post in the establishment of Mr. Gales, a bookseller of Sheffield, who had set up a newspaper called the 'Sheffield Register.' On this paper Montgomery worked *con amore*, and when his master had to fly from England to avoid imprisonment for printing an article too liberal for the then despotic Government of England, the young poet became the editor and publisher of the paper,—the name of which he changed to 'Sheffield Iris.' In the columns of this print he advocated political and religious freedom, and such conduct secured for him the attentions of the Attorney-General, by whom he was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned; in the first instance, for reprinting a song commemorating 'The Fall of the Bastille'; in the second case, for an account he gave of a riot in Sheffield. Confinement could not crush his love of political justice, and on his second release he went on advocating the doctrines of freedom as before, in his paper and in his books. In the lengthy period between those times and the present, the beliefs which James Montgomery early pioneered in England have obtained general recognition, and as men became more and more liberal our poet gained more and more esteem. He contributed to magazines, and, despite adverse criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, established his right to rank as a poet. In 1797 he published 'Prison Amusements'; in 1805, 'The Ocean'; in 1806, 'The Wanderer in Switzerland'; in 1809, 'The West Indies'; and in 1812, 'The World before the Flood.' By these works he obtained the chief reputation he has since enjoyed. In 1819 appeared 'Greenland,' a poem in five cantos; and in 1828, 'The Pelican Island, and other Poems.' This venerable poet now enjoys a well-deserved literary pension of 200l. a-year."

We have already observed, that to ensure the success of this work—to which we wish success, in the belief that it would be useful—it must be greatly enlarged; and this we think will be admitted when we add that so strictly, in one sense, has the Editor felt himself hide-bound within the limits of his title, 'The Men of the Time,' that there is no trace therein of one of the characteristics of the age—the position won for themselves, against all disadvantages, by 'The Women of the Time.'

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

National Defence in England. By the Baron P. E. Maurice. Translated by Capt. Addison.—When this very able pamphlet by Baron Maurice on the state of our National Defences first appeared we reviewed it in the original [*Athen.* No. 1344] and suggested that it might with great propriety and profit be translated into English by some officer of our own army. Capt. Addison has now given effect to our hint; and his pamphlet has already attracted much notice. We are men of peace,—not men of war, and in the former character it is that it falls within our province to refer incidentally to the state of public excitement—almost alarm—which has drawn attention to Baron Maurice's able dissertation. For the last few weeks, in face of the monstrous and bandit principles suddenly let loose and revelling at our doors, there has been in almost all circles a degree of uneasiness, greater or less, on the subject of our means of offering effectual resistance to any hostile invasion of our shores. Sir Francis Head has grown into a prophet; and many who were foremost in ridiculing the lively Baromet when his book was published have begun to confess that after all it contained a good deal of truth wrapped up in its exaggerations. For ourselves, we took that view of it all along. We could not admit, it is true, that the book was to be dealt with as a serious treatise, in the sense in which it was accepted by the committee of old Englishwomen. At present we can agree neither with those who think an invasion imminent and England defenceless,—nor with those who hold that the French ruler is a good amiable gentleman from whose mind all ideas of hostilities are as a matter of course excluded. We would take all reasonable precautions against the possible direction of a power that

"One gutta percha or oiled canvas casing—one tent, and five pikes or poles—one floor cloth and two wolf skins—one felt sleeping bag for each person—one shovel—one cooking apparatus—one small kettle—one haversack—a few printed notices and tin case for inclosing—one knapsack for each man—one gun in addition to the officer's gun—two lb. of powder—eight lb. of shot—eight lb. ball for each gun—one pannikin, one spoon, and knife for each person—instruments necessary for observation—one small tin case of medical stores—the prayer adapted for Arctic service and a small Bible—two or three knives—one brush for clothes."

one tinder-box—a small number of wax candles—cotton matches dipped in brimstone—one lantern—one pokaxe."

The walking dress and spare clothing consisted for each man of—

"two inside flannels, one Guernsey frock, one serge frock, one duck jumper, two pair of drawers, one pair of breeches, one pair of overall duck pantaloons, one waist belt, three pairs of stockings, three pairs of blanket foot wrappers, one pair of washmill hose, two pairs of canvas boots, leather soles, one wash wig, one shoulderkerchief, one comforter, two pairs of mitts, one eye shade, one bottle to carry inside frock for water, one towel and piece of soap, one comb."

The daily scale of provisions for each person was thus fixed.—

"1 lb. biscuit, 1 lb. of pemmican, 1 oz. of biscuit dust, 4 oz. of pork, one gill of rum, ½ oz. of lime juice, ½ oz. of sugar, ½ oz. of tea or 14 oz. of chocolate, ½ oz. of tobacco, and 4 gills of spirits of wine for fuel, for each party of seven persons."

—In some cases, tallow packed in cylinders of canvas was preferred for fuel,—a marked portion being cut off each day, according to the requirements of the party.

The kites greatly facilitated the progress of the sledges when going before a stiff breeze. When these were not used, and the ice was sufficiently level and the wind fair, the tarpaulins were set as sails, and found of great service,—frequently saving the exertions of two or three men on each sledge. When unassisted by sails or kites, the average dragging weight was 205 lb. per man. The effect of the sledges sounding before a brisk wind is represented as being very singular. They appeared at a little distance like a fleet of Malay proas, with their dark sails of mat, the snow-drift seeming like foam on the water. The men enjoyed this kind of locomotion amazingly;—running along cheerfully with slack drag ropes, and laughing and joking among themselves. It sometimes occurred that land was not in sight,—and then the sledges with their kites were steered like ships at sea.

It was found desirable to travel during the night, for the purpose of avoiding the glare of the sun from the snow and ice. Thus, in Capt. Ommanney's Expedition—which searched the shores to the south and west of Cape Walker—the general order of proceeding will be seen by the following extract from that officer's Journal, under the date of April 21.—

"Breakfasted at 6.30 a.m., the cold having prolonged the time occupied in boiling the kettle. Read prayers. Packed sledges; and by 7.30 proceeded for the land, in a painfully cold wind from N.W. cutting across our faces. Midnight—pitched tents for luncheon. 1 A.M.—division proceeded again, under sail and dragging. Snow very deep. Steering for the land, which was visible at intervals during the mist. At 5 h., finding ourselves deceived in the distance from the land, and the men being much fatigued, ordered the division to encamp. Supper and bagged by 7 P.M."

But hardships and sufferings like these have their own set-off and reward. For a picture of the luxurious sleep which follows them we quote the journal of an officer.—

"But let it not be supposed that our hardships and privations were not attended with concomitant comforts,—comforts whose extent can never be felt by those who are accustomed to the luxury of beds, or even to the bare ground in less rigorous climates. Not the tired soldier, when, after a long march, he wraps himself in his cloak, and lays him down by the watch-fire: not the South-American horseman, to whom sleep has been a stranger for thirty hours, when overpowered by drowsiness, and with his bridle twisted round his arm, he drops from his saddle and falls into a delightful slumber: not the labourer who, after a heavy day's work, returns to his humble dwelling to refresh himself in sleep: none of these can imagine the enlivening dreams and delicious repose experienced by the Arctic traveller, when with his pemmican stewed comfortably away he ensconces himself for the night in his blanket bag. The agreeable passages of the past, and all that imagination can prompt as delightful for the future, pass across the dreamer's mind, and banqueting halls with tables groaning under a profusion of luxuries are laid out before him. This latter image is more vivid if the day's meal has happened to be more meagre than usual."

The greatest care was requisite to avoid frost-bites,—but frequently the cold was so intense as to render every precaution vain. Commander M'Clintock,—who conducted his party to Melville Island,—says, under date of the 23rd of April,—

"Frost-bites were constantly playing about the men's faces. Scarcely was one cheek restored when the other would be caught. We pitched our tents with all speed, and at once got into our blanket bags, to restore warmth to our feet. Our usual practice was to have supper first, and then get into the sleeping bags; but I felt great anxiety about the men's feet, and omitted no precaution which could be adopted to guard against frost-bites."

—It was on this day, when the temperature was 27°, that one poor fellow was so severely frost-

bitten as to occasion his death. But his own imprudence was the principal cause of his misfortune. Against orders, he wore leather boots underneath a pair of moleskin leggings, instead of canvas boots; and although everything was done for the unfortunate sufferer that was possible under the circumstances, he died very soon after reaching his ship, to which he was conveyed by a return sledge.

When the cold was very severe, the men had great difficulty in divesting themselves of their boots; which when required again were frequently found to be frozen so hard as to make it almost impossible to get them on. For this reason, it was customary to take the boots into the sleeping bag, placing them between the legs, to prevent their being frozen. "When the tents were pitched," says one of the Arctic travellers, "and the fire lighted for supper, the miseries of our travelling were far from ended. When the thermometer was below 10°, the fat of the salt pork became hard, and broke like suet; the rum was thick, and to drink out of a pannikin without leaving the skin of the lips attached to it required considerable experience and caution. The steam of the cooking, together with the moisture of the breath, condensed in considerable quantities on the inside of the tent, so that each flap of the canvas caused a shower of fine snow to fall over us, penetrating and wetting our blanket bags."

Of all the Expeditions, that commanded by Capt. Ommanney seems to have suffered most. Out of sixty days which the journey occupied, ten were passed within the tent, during violent gales, with heavy and blinding snow-drifts,—five more, the party were delayed by casualties,—and during the whole time they encamped on dry land but eight times.

By far the most interesting expedition from Capt. Austin's ships was that which reached Melville Island,—the Ultima Thule of modern Arctic discoveries in that direction, and which had not been visited since 1820, when Capt. Parry reached it in his ships. Between Griffith and Melville Islands, on the north shore, the ruins of ten Esquimaux winter habitations were found,—besides bones of whales, bears, seals, &c., some of which had been cut by a sharp instrument. It was impossible to form any precise idea as to the period when these abodes were tenanted; but Commander M'Clintock thinks they could not have been inhabited within the last 200 years. The general form of the huts was an oval, with an opening at one end, about 10 feet by 7 wide; and they appeared to have been roofed over with stones and earth, supported by the bones of whales. Commander M'Clintock does not give his reasons for assigning so ancient a date to these huts. We may, however, conclude that when they were erected the temperature was more genial than it is now,—as they must have been used for purposes more lasting than mere temporary habitation.

The remains of Capt. Parry's encampment on Melville Island were very conspicuous. The pole marking the site of the memorandum left by that officer had fallen down,—but the accurate account of its situation in his published Journal enabled the party to find it and the ammunition without difficulty. The powder was completely destroyed, and the cylinder which contained it eaten through with rust and filled with ice. A fire was made, and as soon as the ice was thawed the record was carefully removed. The date only could be distinguished. Some musket and pistol-ball cartridges packed in a preserved-meat tin were discovered near the cylinder, but the tin fell to pieces as the men attempted to lift it. Sir Edward Parry mentions a "a sumptuous meal of ptarmigan" which his party enjoyed at this place:—the bones were still strewn about the encampment, not at all decayed, but merely bleached. They snapped like the bones of birds recently killed.

The cart-wheels left by Capt Parry were found in excellent preservation,—so much so, that Commander M'Clintock intended to mount his sledge upon them, but the hole in the nave was too small to receive a wooden axle-tree. The wheels were therefore broken up, and, with other portions of the cart, furnished the party with a sufficiency of fuel for four days. A great number of animals

were seen, and several deer and musk oxen were killed. Melville Island seems to be as favourable a resort for game as when it was visited by Sir Edward Parry; one of whose officers declared, when asked how he had been living, "that the Duke of Wellington never lived so well, for that they had grouse for breakfast; grouse for dinner, and grouse for supper."

All food is, however, welcome that falls into the net of Arctic travellers,—for intense cold is a wonderful appetite provoker. "We breakfasted to-day," says Commander M'Clintock, "off a mixture of pemmican and ptarmigan, followed by bear-steaks fried in pork fat, and chocolate. My party do not discriminate between the various kinds of meat, but zealously fill the kettle; and as we have all keen appetites, there is never any difficulty in disposing of its contents." The men easily consumed their pound of pemmican daily,—regarding all waifs and strays in the shape of bear-steaks, or other game, as welcome extra allowance.

The Expedition under the command of Mr. Goodair was equally happy under very trying circumstances. He says, under the date of the 26th of May:—

"The day commenced without the slightest amendment in the weather. The drift was so that no object was visible two yards from the tent door. The land, though not one hundred yards off, was also of course quite invisible. However carefully we closed and laced up the tent door, we found we could not altogether exclude the almost impenetrable drift, which was now coming down in showers upon us with every gust of wind from the roof of the tent, when it was hanging in thick festoons like the cobwebs in a fan-mill. The usual time for starting again came round, but with little abatement in the gale and drifting snow. Every one was thoroughly tired of the bag, which was now anything but comfortable; for, from our long rest, the heat of our bodies was beginning to have an effect upon the salt snow beneath us, and each was undergoing a very satisfactory course of hydropathy in his soaking blanket-bag. But this was only a source of joking and amusement to the men, for nothing seemed to come amiss to any one of them; and the only regret was that from their wet state the 'damage' would be so increased in weight for the next march."

It will be remembered that the sledge operations of Capt. Penny and his companions were brought to a premature termination by the discovery of open water to the north of Wellington Channel,—but as long as they were continued the greatest zeal and energy marked the conduct of all concerned in them. His travelling parties were equipped in a very similar manner to those attached to Capt. Austin's Expedition. A few of the sledges, however, were drawn by dogs; which worked well when any of the men went before them, but not otherwise,—for it was found impossible to drive them. The heaviest sledges were dragged by the men and officers, the latter taking their full share in this arduous duty. The average weight of each sledge was 1,500 lb.,—but notwithstanding this heavy pull, the men worked not only vigorously, but cheerfully.

Appended to the officers' journals are remarks on the equipments of the sledges. From them we gather that on the whole they answered remarkably well for the varied requirements of the extensive journeys. The most general complaint arose from the smallness of the tents, which did not permit the men to lie down without being much cramped, the area of the floor being only 8 ft. 10 by 7 ft. for seven persons. The outside men, although sleeping in their bags, were much exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and frequently found themselves unable to rise on account of the ice which had frozen to their sides. Hallett's gutta percha troughs, which were intended for boats, did not answer, as the gutta percha fractured in very cold weather.

The average rate of travelling was nine miles per day out, and about thirteen home. The parties were out respectively 44, 58, 60 and 82 days, and the Melville Island party 80 days. During some days they were confined to their tents by violent snow-drifts, with the temperature occasionally varying to as much as 69° below freezing point. The number of miles travelled by Capt. Austin's parties out and home amounts to 5,937,—of which 865 embraced newly-discovered coast line.

These results are extremely gratifying, and show how much good searching service may be accomplished in the Arctic regions by sledge travelling.

Thus, should it turn out that the open water discovered by Capt. Penny to the north of Wellington Channel does not communicate with a vast polar basin equally open, but, on the contrary, contracts into long icy channels like those between Wellington Channel and Melville Island, it will be perfectly practicable to explore such passages by means of sledges to a very high latitude. Therefore, the steamers appointed to go up Wellington Channel should be provided with all the necessary equipments proper for such service.

EARLY MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT.

Maidenhead, Feb. 2.

YOUR readers may not object to see a few more of the manuscript emendations in my corrected folio of 1632; for I cannot avoid thinking that this discovery must hereafter occasion very considerable changes in the received text of Shakespeare's Plays.

It is to me yet quite uncertain what character they really deserve,—that is to say, on what authority they were made:—whether they were adopted from purer manuscripts,—whether they were introduced by a person who had heard a better text recited on the stage than was given in the folios,—or whether they were merely conjectural. Perhaps all three methods were followed, as opportunity presented itself; and I cannot help thinking that the amendment in act i. sc. 1, of 'Othello,' which came last in my former letter, was an instance of speculative alteration, such as would occur to a person on reading the play. My chief reason is this:—that one of the words proposed, by the manuscript corrector of my folio of 1632, to be changed, seems to me on further reflection clearly wrong. In the folios of 1623 and 1632, and in all the later editions that I have the means of consulting, the line stands thus:—

Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty.

My folio of 1632 recommends the following change:—

Who learn'd in forms and usages of duty.

Now, it strikes me forcibly, and it has struck friends of mine whom I consulted, that "learn'd" is not the true word of the poet,—and that he must have written—

Who train'd in forms and usages of duty.

The word "trimm'd" for *train'd* is not only an easier misprint, but *train'd* is the very word most fitted for the place, and which Shakespeare could hardly have avoided. If my corrector had employed a better manuscript than that used for the folios (the second being little more than a reprint of the first), he would, I think, have seen in it *train'd* for "trimm'd," as well as *usages* for "visages,"—but his sagacity does not appear to have suggested it to him. Still, it is very possible that even a better manuscript contained this error of *learn'd* for *train'd*, while it showed, nevertheless, that *usages* ought to be substituted for "visages."

This re-reference to 'Othello' leads me to make another remark on the condition of my folio of 1632. The whole passage, including the line above quoted, is crossed out, as if it had not been recited at some time when the drama was acted; and such is the case with many other portions of scenes in various plays which portions are not absolutely necessary to the plot, and were apparently omitted in order to shorten the representation. Whether they were erased by the corrector or by some other hand, I cannot determine. The ink appears to be the same, or nearly the same;—and it is remarkable, that in no instance does the corrector abstain from introducing emendations merely because a passage is struck through with a pen. This circumstance might show that the correction was anterior to the erasure.

As I stated in my former communication, it is my intention to produce the volume before the Council of the Shakespeare Society on Tuesday next,—and I shall take it with me to the Society of Antiquaries on Thursday following; so that any gentleman will have an opportunity of inspecting it, and forming his own judgment. Of course, I shall be much obliged by such remarks or illustrations as they may afford;—and in the mean time perhaps you will allow me space for two or

three more specimens of the emendations thus recommended to notice.

I have already mentioned the thousands of places in which the punctuation of the folio of 1632 is set right; and those who know the volume will be well aware that changes were often absolutely necessary in order to explain the meaning of the poet. A single proof of the value of this species of correction shall be given; but in order to do this, I must introduce another variation from the old and received text of a different kind. In the usual editions of 'The Merchant of Venice,' act iii. sc. 2, the following passage is given as part of Bassanio's moralization while he is choosing the casket.—

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Velling an Indian beauty: in a word
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

—Here there is evidently something wrong. Shakespeare would never have put "beauteous" and "beauty" in juxtaposition in this way; besides which, the word "beauty"—"veiling an Indian beauty"—is a direct contradiction of the writer's meaning, for he is exposing the way in which external ornament is often made to conceal real deformity. Consequently, Sir Thomas Hamner proposed to substitute *deceit* for "beauty," a change good only because more consistent with the sense,—

The beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian *deceit*.

What, however, is the fact? Merely that nobody has hitherto corrected the old and corrupt punctuation. Read as follows with my folio of 1632, and all difficulty is at an end:—

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth, which cunning times put on,
To entrap the wisest.

That is to say, "beauty," or external ornament, is "the seeming truth," cunningly assumed for the sake of deception. This appears to me an extremely happy elucidation of the full and pregnant meaning of Shakespeare. The word "guiling," in the first line is *guiled* in the folio of 1623, and *guiled* in the folio of 1632. The active participle is, of course, preferable here to the passive,—and so my manuscript corrector thought; but the poet may, nevertheless, have written *guiled*, as he not unfrequently confounded the two voices.

In my folio of 1632 the defective versification is sometimes, though sparingly, amended,—and still, only when the sense also required it. There is a well-known couplet in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' act i. sc. 1, which in the 4to. 1598, and in all modern editions, runs thus:—

So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

In the folio of 1632 it stands as follows:—

So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.

The manuscript corrector of my copy of the folio of 1632 saw that this could not be right, and altered it in the subsequent manner,—as I think preferably to any other reading:—

So you by study, now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.

The meaning, of course, is, that these full-grown students, by postponing their reading, gave themselves as much trouble as if a person were to climb over the top of his house in order to obtain entrance at the door. This strikes me as one of the emendations probably derived from a better manuscript,—because in the 4to., 1598, the word "little" seems to have been unmeaningly thrust in, merely for the sake of completing the measure. It adds nothing to the force of the passage.

Among many other changes for the better in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' one is met with in act ii. sc. 1, which, I apprehend, nobody can dispute, since not only is it an improvement, but it shows, what Shakespeare has elsewhere proved in a thousand instances, that the Poet was a most minute and accurate observer of Nature. A Fairy, meeting Puck, tells him that she serves Titania, and on what duties she is employed:—

And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours, &c.

This is the universal reading, ancient and modern;

but it must be wrong, because the "spots" are not seen in the "coats" of cowslips, but low down in their cups, where the yellow is much deeper and of a more golden hue than the paler petals. Therefore, the corrector of my folio of 1632 substituted *cups* for "coats,"—an easy hasty printer's error:—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold *cups* spots you see.

Possibly, he was here guided by some manuscript, which represented the appearance of the spots in the cups of cowslips precisely in conformity with what Shakespeare has so beautifully said in 'Cymbeline' (act ii. sc. 2), when speaking of the mark upon the breast of Imogen:—

On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

Of the bottom of a cowslip.

These "crimson drops" were 'not on the coats, but at the bottom of the cups of cowslips. The emendation in my folio of 1632 is warranted, therefore, not merely by the improved beauty and grace of the thought, but by its entire accordance with the truth of nature.

This quotation from 'Cymbeline' brings to my recollection a passage in that play which not merely is decidedly corrupt, but is set right in my folio in a manner that must instantly carry acquiescence with it. I consider the alteration of "coats" to *cups* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' self-evident; but if that admit of dispute, what follows will assuredly not do so. In 'Cymbeline,' act iii. sc. 4, Imogen is persuaded of the infidelity of Posthumus, and fears that he has deserted her for some Italian courtesan: she exclaims,—

Some jay of Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion.

—Such has been the text from the time of the folio of 1623 to our own day;—and what is to be made of the words "Whose mother was her painting"? Johnson, hard bested, says—"Some jay of Italy made by art: the creature not of nature, but of painting: in this sense, painting may be not improperly termed her mother." On the other hand, a person of the name of Harris tells us, that "painting" is to be taken for *likeness*, and that the daughter was therefore the likeness of her mother. The other commentators pass over the passage in silence, despairing of making anything better of it. What, then, says the manuscript corrector of my folio of 1632? His emendation must produce instant conviction,—and shows most strikingly how the pen of the copyist of the play for the use of the printer, must have been misled by his ear:—

Some jay of Italy,

Who smother'd her with painting, hath betray'd him.

—The Italian courtesan smothered herself with painting, in hopes of increasing her attractions, and betraying Posthumus. I need not explain how the mistake originated; and I am quite certain that, after it has been thus exposed, it will never be committed again.—I am as much to blame as any previous editor for not having at once detected this gross blunder,—as well, perhaps, as many others, not quite so glaring, but quite as important, most unpretendingly pointed out in the volume now before me. J. PAYNE COLLIER.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

IT affords us great pleasure to be able to announce that on the 1st of March additional facilities will be afforded by the Post-office in the transmission of books and works of Art. Our readers are aware that at present only one volume is allowed to be sent in a single packet, and that no writing is permitted except on a single page of the book. Both these restrictions are to be abolished; and, from the day mentioned, any number of separate publications may be included in the same packet, and they may contain any amount of writing (provided, of course, that it be out of the nature of a letter); and, in fact, with this latter exception, a person will be allowed to send by the book-post any quantity of paper, whether printed, written upon, or plain, together with all legitimate binding, mounting, or carving; including also rollers in the case of prints, and in short whatever is necessary for the safe transmission of literary or artistic matter.

The Society of Booksellers, Printers and Sta-

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Jan. 26.—Sir R. I. Murchison in the chair.—G. O'Gorman and E. O. Smith, Esqs., were appointed Auditors for the year.—J. H. Langston, J. A. Silk, E. O. Tudor, O. W. Brierly, Esqs., and the Rev. R. Inskip were elected Fellows.—The paper read was a continuation of that on 'Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific and British North America,' by Capt. Synge.—The more prominent results that would attend the connexion of Europe with the shores of the countries washed by the Pacific, by the route proposed, have been stated [see *ante*, p. 119].—The features and characteristics of the transcontinental portion of the route and the means of execution remain to be considered.—The advantages of the whole communication are greatly enhanced by the physical characteristics of the country of British America. Where its beneficial results would most abound, the facilities for its execution are most striking. Where every circumstance unites to render it most desirable, nature has indicated the route. An examination of the globe makes it evident that the more northerly the route (from Europe to the Pacific, say to China or Australia) the shorter it is. Thus a route through the United States is shorter than one across Central America; and one through British America is shorter than any through the United States.—Moreover, the transcontinental portion of that great British American route, which has been already sketched as the very best by which the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans can be united, consists of component parts each in itself complete,—each independent of those more westward,—each opening a new and distinct feature of the country; and each in itself, and with its eastward connexion, a profitable and reproductive work. Each of these links will be found characterized by these distinctive features, and by marks of superiority over any competitors similar to those which distinguish the entire proposed inter-oceanic communication.—Whilst, however, each link of the chain may thus rely on its intrinsic merits, it is clear that that mode of execution would be most profitable which would most speedily open the country and communication the whole way to the Pacific.—That order, therefore, might be best followed in the brief examination of the country which time might permit.—On this principle of reaching the great goal, the Pacific, as speedily as possible, the first new link will be at—

1. The Straits of St. Mary, between Lakes Huron and Superior.—Up to this point 1,510 miles of navigation are already opened (reckoning Lake Michigan); but of this distance, though it forms the grandest inland navigation in the world, only 60 miles required any aid from man.

2. From Lake Superior to Rainy Lake.

3. From Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg.

4. The Rapids of the Saskatchewan.

To complete the examination of the central parts of the country, the course of waters of the Churchill, Athabasca, Beaver and Peace Rivers, until the head waters are reached upon both chains.

5. The passage of the Rocky Mountains.

6. The descent to the Pacific.

Before proceeding with the minuter investigation of the subject, it may be well to name those points connected with "the eastern terminus" (of the great route), as embracing the whole country already accessible, which are essential to a right view of the whole subject, but on which it is impossible now to enter.

1. The opening of a communication between Lake Huron and Montreal by French River, Lake Nepissing and Ottawa,—by which an abbreviation of 400 miles upon the frontier would be effected.

II. From Lake Erie to the Atlantic.—The Erie Canal is the channel of trade for many of the States that are situated upon the Mississippi, to which it is found superior.—The Welland Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario has, by superior economy, speed and size, taken the trade in a great measure from the western extremity of the Erie Canal.—The Erie Canal has, however, been one of the principal causes of the brilliant prosperity of the State of

New York. These facts are therefore proofs and precedents of the highest importance.

III. The Cauquahuake Canal, to connect the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain.—Effecting for the St. Lawrence that superiority over the eastern portion of the Erie Canal, which the Welland has achieved over its western portion.

IV. The railroads from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic opening the whole country to the co-operation of land routes.—Their superiority is consequent upon that of the position of the British American seaports; but the latter is worse than neutralized until connected with the interior by a rapid means of intercommunication.

V. Railroads in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Their peculiar position and the excellency of their harbours and their vast resources make them the great terminal station of the route.—The Halifax and Quebec line, as proposed, unites the extremities at the minimum of cost consistent with the indispensable requirements.—The St. Andrews and Quebec line is amply supported by local resources and a share of the terminal traffic; but the requirements of New Brunswick call for a central line as well, though passing through a more difficult country, as a measure of local development.

VI. The proposed system of execution as connected with the precedents afforded by works in British America or elsewhere, and the close relation of their failure or success to minute knowledge of facts connected with local and physical geography.

The general bearings of the subject being thus briefly but imperfectly indicated in a manner that may facilitate inquiry, that portion which more particularly claims the first attention is the nature of the country through which the first links named conduct us to the shores of the Pacific.

1. The Straits of St. Mary interpose an obstacle of a descent of from 18 to 22 feet, which has to be overcome in order to open the vast region of Lake Superior, its navigation of 400 miles its immense mineral and metallic wealth, and to render accessible the charming country of the Kamenistogvia.

2. and 3. Lake Superior to Rainy Lake, and thence to Lake Winnipeg.—Language appears to have been nearly exhausted in the attempt to set forth the attractions of the country of the Kamenistogvia, of the Lake of the Thousand Islands, of the Rainy Lake and River, and of the Lake of Woods. The most picturesque scenery and most productive soil combine to call forth descriptions which render its uninhabited and uncultivated condition not less strange than melancholy and astonishing. The French had outposts of civilization many hundreds of miles beyond this region even, before the country first passed under the dominion of Great Britain. Shall its settlement be deemed too arduous for vaunted British enterprise with all the aid of the modern discoveries of art and science? The philanthropic eye of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company territories beholds "through the vista of futurity" this fertile country the happy home of civilized man, with schools and churches, full garners and social hearths, the rivers and lakes teeming with crowded steamers and the banks crowned with populous cities; but reality reveals one of the most beautiful countries in the world, and one of the most productive, with the monuments of the civilization of two hundred years ago perished, and natural fertility changed into the desolation of an empty hunting ground of illimitable extent.—The mining districts of Lake Superior would find their nearest and cheapest supply in the valley of the Kamenistogvia.—A line due west from the Lake of the Woods to the Mississippi was to have formed the boundary between the faithful colonies of Great Britain and the United States. From the first junction of the boundary line and the great waters, the mid-channel was adopted as the continuation of the boundary. Most likely the site of the Grand Postage, the chief route, was confounded by the negotiators with the head-waters of the St. Lawrence. If so, the St. Louis was the intended boundary. From thence a line due west would strike the Mississippi. Beyond the Mississippi the United States advanced not even a claim. Yet,

because a line from the Lake of the Woods due west never does strike the Mississippi, the whole western continent to the Rocky Mountains was surrendered to the quibble! The spirit of the treaty, however ill defined, was clearly the shortest distance to the Mississippi; but geographical ignorance led to the ultimate sacrifice of a territory very many times larger than that lost by the disastrous War of Independence!—Rainy Lake and River and the Lake of the Woods form a natural navigation of two hundred miles. The banks resemble those of the Thames near Richmond. The country abounds in fish, venison and fowl; the vine, the plum, cherry and nuts, wild rice, maize, &c. may be named among its many fruits and vegetable productions.—The waters of Lakes Superior and Winnipeg are very nearly on a level, and the intermediate height of land that has to be crossed is only 150 feet above them. The Welland canal surmounts an altitude of 334 feet in its short course, and for commercial purposes "obliterates the Falls of Niagara."—The English River affords by Lakes Sal and St. Joseph a second communication with Lake Superior,—by the Wippegan waters and by Albany River one with Hudson's Bay.

4. The Rapids of Saskatchewan.—Lake Winnipeg receives a great number of tributary rivers, of which the principal are, the Saskatchewan, the Assiniboia, and the Red River. They irrigate a fertile and productive country. The Red River is best known from the colony on its banks, which under the unfavourable circumstances of its isolation has yet maintained a long-continued and in some respects a prosperous existence.—All testimony unites in favour of the productiveness of the country, and of the ease with which a population might be at once supported here on the produce of the soil.

—The improvement of the navigation so as to overcome the Rapids of the Saskatchewan would open the whole breadth of country from the frontier to the north branch of that noble river with its tributaries, to the tide of settlement and civilization, which would reach unchecked the very foot of the Rocky Mountains.—Descriptions of the beauty and proofs of the fertility of the country abound. Thus, Sir G. Simpson writes of the "rankness of the vegetation" as "savouring rather of the torrid zone than of northern wilds." The ground is covered for fields together with tiger lilies, roses, sweet-briars, violets, and hyacinths. Wood and water diversify the scene. The swampy land requires only drainage and the parched prairie systematic irrigation to burst forth in the most abundant productiveness. Herds of cattle give to the country the appearance of a stall-yard,—fish and wild fowl are everywhere in the greatest profusion. Coal is found in great beds upon the Saskatchewan, which is navigable from its mouth to Rocky Mountain House, with the single exception of the rapid already named, which for the ascent requires a portage in its present unimproved condition.—The waters of the Churchill River, the Clearwater, the Beaver, the Elk or Athabasca, and of the Peace River conduct through a similar and very wonderful great natural water-path. It is impossible within these limits to enter on their description with any minuteness.—Mackenzie regrets the neglect of cultivation at Lac à la Croix, and speaks of the many resources of the country which he enumerates. Nothing can surpass the glowing description of the valley of the Clearwater which he gives; yet he adds, "I will not presume to give an adequate description of the scene which I enjoyed." "Upon the banks of the Elk River," he writes, "I saw as fine a kitchen garden as I ever saw in Canada."—A splendid reach of natural navigation extends from the head of the Clearwater by the Elk River and Peace River continuing again to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. The only interruption is a fall of about twenty feet at the confluence of the Loon River with the Unjigar or Peace River.—The range of mountains which forms the La Loche portage extends so as to divide the waters of the Beaver Lake and River from those of the Athabasca, but is there of diminished altitude, and finally disappears in the neighbourhood of the Saskatchewan.—A line of road (railroad) from the frontier to the Peace River or to the Itzehadza,

and skirting the foot of the Rocky Mountains, would give compactness, union, and solidity to the progress so far effected. It would also be the means of rendering the first pass that might be opened through the Rocky Mountains accessible and useful to all.

5. The passage of the Rocky Mountains.—Wonderful, unequalled facilities are now exchanged for comparative impediments; yet inducements only multiply. A great stream is still in front—the Pacific nearly attained—its tributary streams almost in sight, who can fail to participate in the sentiments which inspired Mackenzie, or to partake of his earnest desire to conquer the remaining short but difficult span?—The limits of time forbid the hypotheses which follow being supported by the expository antecedents which appear to justify them; yet sufficient data may be gathered both of the geography of the passes and of their actual transit to show that the practicability of crossing these mountains is not only an established possibility, but surrounded by difficulties far less formidable than is usually supposed.—Continuing on the route of Mackenzie, the great waters now flow through the steep and narrow rocky banks, the navigation is even for canoes continually interrupted, but the waters do not cease.—There are still continual reaches, varying from 20 to 30 miles in length. Beautiful and extensive sheets of water burst upon the view, the mountains are covered with varieties of timber, specified to be of unusual size. The summit level, far from disclosing a pinnacle of eternal snow, is clothed with wood enlivened by humming and bright-coloured birds, the denizens of a southern clime.—The characteristics of the southern passes are similar. That between latitude 53° and 54° would appear to be most practicable for land transit. The valleys are wider and the ascent is gradual. The lakes from which the waters flow east and west are again found on the same summit level.—The mountains flanking this pass in about 50° 30' are lofty and abrupt, the valleys are narrow, with precipitous scarps, several hundred feet in height.—It is well known with what sudden rapidity the snow melts and the ice breaks up in countries similar to those under consideration. In the spring season the narrow valleys of the passes are sometimes completely dammed up until the torrent has acquired sufficient strength, or rather the accumulated water sufficient weight, to bear away the temporary obstacle.—May not this operation of nature be indicative of a feasible mode of effecting a great transit for traffic across these mountains?—The narrow valleys are the river beds, the rocky banks and bottoms present the abutments and chambers of the masonry, the temporary dams only require to be made permanent, and navigable rivers, steps of still water, replace the furious and impracticable mountain torrent. The largest bodies of water admit also of being regulated without danger by providing outlets increasing in size in full proportion to the accumulated quantities of the successive descents.—The central pass—or the one through which the loaded waggons of emigrants have speedily found their way across the mountains (*vide* Sir J. Simpson)—would probably prove the most suitable for land communication. There does not seem to be any reason why the principle of steps, and the elevation of the freighted carriages should not be applied if necessary or advantageous, and, together with the use of tunnels, the passage of the Rocky Mountains appears by no means a distant, much less an impracticable event.

6. The descent to the Pacific.—The country west of the Rocky Mountains will possess all the interest of the metropolitan, or rather of the terminal character, now possessed by the "eastern terminations." Time forbids entering on the various routes by which the descent could be made. All will have to come into operation,—the routes of Frozen River, that of Mackenzie, of Simpson's outlet, &c.—The country is proved even by the description of Mackenzie to be abundantly fertile. He is astonished at the extraordinary dimensions of the timber, longs for agricultural development, and he was never so southerly even as the northern extremity of Vancouver's Island.—The multiplied and immense mineral resources of the Rocky

Mountains must not be omitted among the facilities and inducements to their complete exploration and transit.

It cannot but be, that the formation of communications of the character and comprehensiveness that have been sketched should be attended by difficulties serious in themselves, and which are increased when it is remembered that they extend for a length of 3,000 miles through a country now unpeopled and strangely shrouded in the mysteries of a supposed unprofitableness. Out of materials such as these, to form an empire surpassing that of the known world in former days, and to give new communications to the commerce of the world, to alter the direction of existing intercourse, to apply the experience of the ages that have gone before, and the recent brilliant discoveries and advancements of every art and science made during that lengthened tranquillity with which God has blessed the boundaries of the nations, are undertakings that must be fraught with difficulties and that, to be carried out successfully, must command patience, wisdom, zeal, and courage. Let, however, the results and the facilities, the inducements and the aim be placed beside the intervening impediments, and their aspect is altogether changed. Thus, if the country is uninhabited, it is intersected by countless navigable streams opening it in every direction. To do so from the 49° to the 66° parallel of latitude, and to the foot of the mountains (seven-eighths of the whole distance) the partial improvement of 193 miles of the distance is all that is required! Is the country in a wild and untenanted condition? Cultivation and ownership point out the means by which at once to people and cross it with the required communications.—Are inhabitants wanted? The route offers labour's best market to the world; the soil a home to every one in need. It is evident that there exists the most intimate relation between the inhabitation of at least a certain portion of the country and the construction of the route. That cause will therefore most speedily effect the opening to and junction with the Pacific which will most quickly open the largest tracts of country most completely, speedily, and least expensively. It has been clearly shown that adherence to the natural waterpaths will best accomplish this object. It gives the British American route a feature of superiority in which it stands quite alone and unapproachable, and unites with the national and more general geographical considerations to place its claims on the best possible grounds. The whole scheme and the comprehensiveness of communication already pointed out must be kept constantly in view; but the perfection of the communication should follow its first complete opening from shore to shore, in order that the result of connexion may add this benefit to those of local development as speedily as possible. Nor should the development of waters under any circumstances be disparaged. That of Canada has been until very lately wholly maritime. The most brilliant prosperity in the United States has resulted from the Erie Canal, which, as has been stated, Canada possesses the means of surpassing in all its features. Moreover, in latitude 58°, on the Peace River, the river is clear of ice earlier and later than the navigation opens and closes in Canada!

Surely it is time to develop resources such as these, or decisively to refute their existence. For seventy-five years they have been presented to the country,—having been first sketched by Mackenzie, the explorer and discoverer of the western shores and northern bounds of the continent. Delay is not much longer possible. Those who do develop the western coast of America will become the merchants and masters of the Pacific.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Jan. 26.—Prof. Cockerell, V.P., in the chair.—The meeting had been adjourned [*see ante*, p. 86] for the discussion of the question of 'Polychromy in Greek Architecture.'—Mr. Donaldson now gave a résumé of the subject, and read a letter from Mr. Sydney Smirke, recognizing the use of colour, but not to the extent supposed by M. Hittorf.—Mr. Penrose took a similar view of the question; and stated in detail the results of his own careful examination of the Athenian temples.—M. Semper

(the author of some works on the subject) offered some remarks in explanation of the view which he entertains that the mass of the Parthenon at Athens was coloured of a decided reddish tone, relieved by other vivid colours and gilding, with bronze accessories.—M. Hector Horeau explained the peculiar merit of Polychromy in Egyptian art, which consisted in its being strictly symbolic as well as ornamental.—Mr. W. R. Hamilton thought the temples which were of limestone might have been coloured, but not such as were of marble. His knowledge of Greek art dated back, however, to a time when it would have been considered sacrilege to suggest the application of colour in any way to the masterpieces of antiquity.—Mr. Ferguson pointed out the extensive use of colour in Assyrian architecture, and especially the prevalence of the so-called Ionic order and other Greek forms in the remains lately brought from Nineveh. He also adverted to the use of colour in the old temples and mosques of India and Persia.—Mr. J. Bell remarked that, although Mr. Penrose and other gentlemen had found colour on some of the Greek temples, the elaborate restorations of M. Hittorf ought not to be received without analyzing the evidence on which they were based. It appeared to him that his various restorations of the Temple of Empedocles at Selinus rested upon very slight authority indeed.—The Chairman adverted to the interest which was obviously felt in the subject; and having announced that he should be happy to state his own views of the colouring adopted in the temple at Egina, whose marbles he had assisted in excavating many years ago, proposed a further adjournment of the discussion, which was agreed to.

MICROSCOPICAL.—Jan. 28.—Dr. A. Fane in the chair.—Mr. W. Ray and Mr. H. Pengal were elected fellows. A paper was read by Mr. Quekett 'On the Structure of Raphides.' The author commenced by stating that inorganic substances were formed in plants under two circumstances. First, in crystals, as in the case of phosphate and oxalate of lime,—second, as a portion of the tissue, as in the case of silica in the bark of equisetaceous and gramineous plants. The crystals were stellate or single from the 1-40th to the 1-1000th of an inch in diameter. Single crystals of oxalate of lime were acicular,—those of the phosphate of lime were rhomboidal. Numerous plants were referred to in which raphides were found; as in the species of the cactus, the lime, the rhubarb, elm, apple, onion and other plants. The author exhibited drawings of artificial raphides which had been found in the tissue of rice paper by the late Mr. Edwin Quekett, by immersing the cells first in lime water and afterwards in oxalic acid. In conclusion, the author gave a detailed account of some stellate raphides which he had found in great abundance in a species of cactus. On dissolving up the inorganic matter of these crystals by means of hydrochloric acid, he was surprised to find that an organic base was left perfectly similar in form to that of the crystal which had been dissolved. From this fact Mr. Quekett inferred that all these crystals were deposited with organic nature. He referred to the structure of calculi in the human and animal body, which were always deposited upon or with an organic base, as proof that this law was general, and that the deposition of inorganic salts in the tissues of plants and animals was always connected with the growth of organic matter.—Dr. Lankester referred to the case of crystals in chara upon the surface of the plant, which seem to originate in cells in the same manner as hairs.—Dr. Mantell inquired as to the mode of growth of the crystals in the interior of the cell.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 3.—J. Simpson, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—The renewed discussion on Mr. Jee's Paper 'On the Cast-Iron Viaduct erected at Manchester, forming part of the Joint Station of the London and North-Western, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways,' occupied the entire evening. 'Capt. Claxton, R.N., Lieut. Fraser, R.E., Lieut. Kendall, R.E., Capt. Owen, R.E., and Mr. P. Paterson were elected Associates.

ROYAL INSTITUTION. — Jan. 23. — Sir J. P. Baileu, V.P., in the chair. — 'On the Lines of Magnetic Force,' by Prof. Faraday. That beautiful system of power which is made manifest in the magnet, and which appears to be chiefly developed in the two extremities, thence called ordinarily the magnetic poles, is usually rendered evident to us in the case of a particular magnet by the attractive or repulsive effect of these parts on the corresponding parts of another magnet; and these actions have been employed, to indicate both the direction in which the magnetic force is exerted and also the amount of the force at different distances. Thus, if the attraction be referred to, it may be observed either upon another magnet or upon a piece of soft iron; and the law which results, for effects beyond a certain distance, is, that the force is inversely as the square of the distance. When the distances of the acting bodies from each other are small, then this law does not hold, either for the surface of the magnets or for any given point within them. — Mr. Faraday proposed to employ a new method, founded upon a property of the magnetic forces different from that producing attraction or repulsion, for the purpose of ascertaining the direction, intensity, and amount of these forces, not to the displacement of the former method but to be used in conjunction with it; and he thinks it may be highly influential in the further development of the nature of this power, inasmuch as the principle of action, though different, is not less magnetic than attraction and repulsion, not less strict, and the results not less definite. — The term line of magnetic force is intended to express simply the direction of the force in any given place, and not any physical idea or notion of the manner in which the force may be there exerted; as by actions at a distance, or pulsations, or waves, or a current, or what not. A line of magnetic force may be defined to be that line which is described by a very small magnetic needle, when it is so moved in either direction correspondent to its length, that the needle is constantly a tangent to the line of motion; or, it is that line along which, if a transverse wire be moved in either direction, there is no tendency to the formation of an electric current in the wire, whilst if moved in any other direction there is such a tendency. The direction of these lines about and between ordinary magnets is easily represented in a general manner by the well known use of iron filings. — The method of recognizing and taking account of these lines of force which is proposed, and was illustrated by experiments during the evening, is to collect and measure the electricity set into motion in the moving transverse wire; a process entirely different in its nature and that that founded on the use of a magnetic needle. That it may be advantageously employed, excellent conductors are required; and therefore those proceeding from the moving wire to the galvanometer were of copper 0.2 of an inch in thickness, and as short as was convenient. The galvanometer, also, instead of including many hundred convolutions of a long fine wire, consisted only of about 48 or 50 inches of such wire as that described above, disposed in two double coils about the sensitive needle; and that used in the careful research contained only 20 inches in length of a copper bar 0.2 of an inch square. These galvanometers showed effects 30, 40 or 50 times greater than those constructed with fine wire; so abundant is the quantity of electricity produced by the intersections of the lines of magnetic force, though so low in intensity. — The lines of force already described will, if observed by iron filings or a magnetic needle or otherwise, be found to start off from one end of a bar magnet, and after describing curves of different magnitudes through the surrounding space, to return to and set on at the other end of the magnet; and these forces being regular, it is evident that if a ring, a little larger than the magnet, be carried from a distance towards the magnet and over one end until it has arrived at the equatorial line, it will have intersected once all the external lines of force of that magnet. Such rings were considered on to fitly shaped conductors connected with the galvanometer, and the deflections of the needle observed for one, two, or more such motions

or intersections of the lines of force: it was stated that when every precaution was taken, and the results at the galvanometer carefully observed, the effect there was sensibly proportionate for small or moderate arcs to the number of times the loop or ring had passed over the pole. In this way, not only could the definite actions of the intersecting wire be observed and established, but also one magnet could be compared to another: wires of different thickness and of different substances could be compared; and also the sections described by the wire in its journey could be varied. When the wire was the same in length, diameter, and substance, no matter what its course was across the lines of force, whether direct or oblique, near to or far from the poles of the magnet, the result was the same. — A compound bar magnet was so fitted up that it could revolve on its axis, and a broad circular copper ring was fixed on it at the middle distance or equator, so as to give a cylindrical exterior at that place. A copper wire being made fast to this ring within, then proceeded to the middle of the magnet, and afterwards along its axis and out at one end. A second wire, touched, by a spring contact, the outside of the copper ring, and was then continued outwards six inches, after which it rose and finally turned over the upper pole towards the first wire, and was attached to a cylinder insulated from but moving round it. This cylinder and the wire passing through it were connected with the galvanometer, so that the circuit was complete; but that circuit had its course down the middle of the magnet, then outwards at the equator and back again on the outside, and whilst always perfect, allowed the magnet to be rotated without the external part of the circuit, or the latter without the magnet, or both together. When the magnet and external wire were revolved together, as one arrangement fixed in its parts, there was no effect at the galvanometer, however long the rotation was continued. When the magnet with the internal wire made four revolutions, as the hand of a watch, the outer conductor being still, the galvanometer needle was deflected 35° or 40° in one direction: when the magnet was still, and the outer wire made four revolutions as the hands of a watch, the galvanometer needle was deflected as much as before in the contrary direction: and in the more careful experiments the amount of deflection for four revolutions was precisely the same whatever the course of the external wire, either close to or far from the pole of the magnet. Thus it was shown, that when the magnet and the wire revolved in the same direction, contrary currents of electricity, exactly equal to each other, tended to be produced; and those outside resulted from the intersection by the outer wire of the lines of magnetic force external to the magnet; that wherever this intersection was made the result was the same; and that there were corresponding lines of force within the magnet, exactly equal in force or amount to those without, but in the contrary direction. That in fact every line of magnetic force is a closed curve, which in some part of its course passes through the magnet to which it belongs. — In the foregoing cases the lines of force, belonging as they did to small systems, rapidly varied in intensity according to their distance from the magnet, by what may be called their divergence. The earth, on the contrary, presents us, within the limits of one action at any one time, a field of equal force. The dipping needle indicates the direction or polarity of this force; and if we work in a plane perpendicular to the dip, then the number or amount of the lines of force experimented with will be in proportion to the area which our apparatus may include. Wires were therefore formed into parallelograms, inclosing areas of various extent, as one square foot, or nine square feet, or any other proportion, and being fixed upon axes equidistant from two of the sides could have these axes adjusted perpendicular to the line of dip and then be revolved. A commutator was employed and associated both with the galvanometer and the parallelograms, so that the upper part of the revolving wire always sent the current induced in it in the same direction. Here it was found that rotation in one direction gave one electric

current; that rotation in the reverse direction gave the contrary current; that the effect at the galvanometer was proportionate to the number of rotations with the same rectangular; that with different sized rectangles of the same wire the effect was proportionate to the area of the rectangle, i.e. the number of curves intersected, &c. &c. The vicinity of other magnets to this magnet made no difference in the effect provided they were not moved during the experiments; and in this manner the non-interference of such magnets with that under investigation was fully established. — All these and other results are more fully stated and proved in papers now before the Royal Society. The general conclusions are, that the magnetic lines of force may be easily recognized and taken account of by the moving wire, both as to direction and intensity, within metals, iron or magnets, as well as in the space around; and that the wire sums up the action of many lines in one result: — That the lines of forces well represent the nature, condition, direction, and amount of the magnetic forces: that the effect is directly as the number of lines of force intersected, whether the intersection be direct or oblique: that in a field of equal force, it is directly as the velocity; or as the length of the moving wire; or as the mass of the wire: that the external power of an unchangeable magnet is definite yet illimitable in extent; and that any section of all the lines of force is equal to any other section: that the lines of force within the magnet are equal to those without: and that they are continuous with those without, the lines of force being closed curves.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Royal Institution, 4.—'On the Chemistry of the Metals,' by Mr. C. B. Mansfield.
— British Architects, 8.
— Geographical, half-past 8.—'Idrak Pasha, R.N., On his Return from St. Petersburg,' by Mr. Petermann.—'On the Arctic Animal Life,' by Mr. Petermann.—'On the late important African Discoveries made by the Rev. Dr. Livingston and Cotton Owerell, Esq.,' by Mr. W. R. Adams.
TUES. Royal Institution, 3.—'On Animal Physiology,' by Prof. T. W. Jones.
— Syro-Egyptian, half-past 7.—'On the Builders of the Pyramids of Khumam and Korymbik,' by Dr. Gröfelfeld.
— Zoological, 9.—Scientific Business.
— Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Construction and Duration of the Permanent Way of Railways, and the Modifications most suitable for Egypt, India, &c.,' by Mr. W. R. Adams.
WED. Royal Institution, 4.—'On the Chemistry of the Metals,' by Mr. C. B. Mansfield.
— Literary Fund, 8.
— Ethnological, half-past 8.—'On the Ethnography of Akkrah and Adampé, with a Comparative Vocabulary of the Akkrah, Adampé, and Kerep Languages,' by Dr. Daniel.
— Society of Arts, 8.—'On Civil Engineering and Machinery generally,' by Mr. H. Heuman.
THURS. Royal Institution, 3.—'On the Physical Principles of the Steam Engine,' by the Rev. J. Barlow, M.A.
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Antiquaries, 8.
— Astronomical, 3.—Anniversary.
FRI. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—'On the Heating Effects of Electricity and Magnetism,' by Mr. W. R. Grove.
SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'On some of the Arts connected with Organic Chemistry,' by Prof. Brande.
— Botanical, 3.
— Medical, 8.

PREPARATION OF PROTO-NITRATE OF IRON.

As I have invited the attention of photographers to proto-nitrate of iron in its capacities both as a developing agency and as a direct sensitive compound when used with the nitrate of silver, I think it may be useful to mention again and in a more detailed manner the method by which it is best obtained. And this is the more necessary as there is a nitrate of iron largely employed in the Arts which possesses very different properties to those claimed for the proto-nitrate. This compound is a per-nitrate, and is got by acting on metallic iron with dilute nitric acid. It is used by the calico-printer and in dye-works. The proto-nitrate of iron may be obtained either in solution or in greenish crystals by the following simple process:—A few lumps of the proto-sulphuretted of iron—which is employed for the purpose of procuring hydro-sulphuric acid—(or sulphuretted hydrogen gas)—must be placed in a glass vessel, and an ounce or two of cold dilute nitric acid—of one part acid, of commercial strength, to three or four of water—poured over them. Decomposition of the proto-sulphuretted slowly ensues with the evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen. As this gas is extremely offensive, it is better to place the vessel in the open air for some hours until the whole of the nitric acid is saturated. A proto-nitrate of iron is now contained in solu-

tion, and it may be decanted from impurities at the bottom of the vessel and filtered. As thus obtained, the liquid contains its own volume or nearly of the sulphuretted hydrogen, absorbed during the evolution of this gas, and it is consequently manifestly unfit for the purposes of the photographer until this impurity is expelled. The most effectual plan is, I believe, that of simply exposing it in a very shallow vessel, such as a clean soup-plate or large saucer, to the air; its decomposition rapidly ensues, and in a few hours no trace of the gas either by the smell or by the usual tests can be discerned. The solution is then fit for use after careful filtration. If it is thought desirable to obtain the proto-nitrate in crystals, this may be done by evaporation in vacuo; but the crystals are very liable to undergo decomposition, and I should always prefer the solution. A few drops of this liquid may be combined with a solution of nitrate of silver of the usual strength, and applied to Talbot's iodized paper, and a very sensitive surface is obtained. But this mixture will not keep, and it should be made only immediately before using. The pictures obtained, which develop themselves after exposure, are very brown, but are good when right proportions are obtained. I am much interested to learn whether it is answerable to the wishes of photographers in operating upon glass either by the collodion or albumen processes. Should I be able again to make the necessary experiments, and have anything of value to communicate, I hope to avail myself of the pages of the *Athenæum* for that purpose.

I am, &c. ROBERT ELLIS.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—The remarkable substance *Iodine*, which but a few years since was thought to be confined to a few marine plants, has been gradually traced through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and its general diffusion throughout nature is rendered exceedingly probable. At the *Académie des Sciences de Paris* on the 7th instant, M. Chatin read a memoir in continuation of his researches on the presence of *Iodine* in the air, the waters, the soils, and the alimentary products of the Alps of France and Piedmont. He finds this element in nearly all cases,—but the quantity appears to vary with considerable regularity. There is always a parallelism between the air and those waters which are drinkable. While this element and Fluorine appeared to be confined within the narrow limits of a portion of one kingdom of nature, we could not understand their value in the chemical constitution of nature. Now, however, that *Iodine* and *Fluorine*, which have many properties in common, are traced through the earth, the waters and the air—and those organic creations which exist in them,—we begin to appreciate their importance.

FINE ARTS

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE difficulties attending an attempt to establish an Architectural Exhibition are neither few nor small. Foremost among them is, the apathy of the public on the one side and of the profession on the other. As a branch of Art architecture is far from being popular,—for it is one that requires some initiation; nevertheless, far from endeavouring to promote its study generally as an elegant accomplishment replete with interest, architects themselves have from the days of Vitruvius done what they could to make such study appear formidably dry and repulsively technical. Instead of popularizing, their policy has been to mysticize it. Convenient, however, as in some respects it may be found to be to have an ignorant public, it is not so in others. What may be good and profitable logic for the medical practitioner, for instance, will be found to be very unproductive for the architectural one,—inasmuch as ignorance of Art is likely to occasion its entire neglect. Some among the profession have had the wit to perceive at last that sympathy on the part of the public with their art is essential to its prosperity. To remove existing prejudices and misconceptions regarding it, and to foster an intelligent appreciation, must, however, be the work of time. Meanwhile, something has been done to put architecture boldly forward

as a candidate for public notice by this independent exhibition.

Truly creditable as it is to the zeal and energy of its originators, it is somewhat unfortunate for the success of this scheme that it should have emanated from the architectural Association instead of from the Institute. Had it been taken up by the latter body, it would have been brought forward with greater *éclat* and might have been carried out more effectively. As it is, with here and there an exception, the senior and leading members of the profession stand aloof. This is not to their honour. All petty jealousies and paltry feelings should give way before an occasion wherein the credit of the art itself and of the profession generally is, if not actually at stake, deeply concerned. The architect members of the Royal Academy should have made a point of contributing to this Exhibition,—if only to signify that though the Academy cannot afford due accommodation to architecture within its own walls, it is not opposed to a due representation being provided elsewhere. The same may be said of the Institute. Instead of exhibiting what many will think looks very like pique because their juniors have shown more activity and spirit than themselves, they should have come forward generously in a body to co-operate cordially in the cause of the art whose interests are common to them all.

In spite, however, of these and other discouraging circumstances, the Architectural Exhibition shows this year increased vigour and on the whole considerable improvement. A decided improvement is, the introduction of specimens of the various art-manufactures connected with building and architectural decoration,—a department that will be more effectively represented on future occasions than on this first. On the other hand, of that interesting class of works which more directly belong to an exhibition of the kind there is a striking paucity. There are but few models, and those few are of no great pretension or importance:—neither are they well displayed. There might have been, too, a sprinkling of plans and sections:—it being highly desirable that attention should be directed to what can be explained only by drawings of that kind. At all events, there might have been a better arrangement of the works actually sent in,—some sort of classification. At present, both the walls and the Catalogue exhibit a most confused medley of heterogeneous subjects:—executed and unexecuted designs, original compositions, portrait delineations of buildings or their details, modern and ancient, Gothic and Italian, Indian and Renaissance, finished drawings, outline ones, and sketches, being all mixed up together. Then, while some of the poorest things are obtruded on our sight, others, which if worth exhibiting require examination, are hung where they cannot be properly looked at. Strange to say, there are instances of what are nearly bird's-eye views being placed above the eye,—ground-plans hung on the upper line,—and drawings showing different views or different portions of the same building put widely apart. Essentially trivial as all this may seem, it renders the mere reconnoitering of the collection a perplexing and fatiguing task:—wherefore, let us hope that the hanging will be more judiciously managed in future,—and that if any drawings must be put out of sight, care will be taken to select those which are not worth looking at.

With regard to the collection generally:—while designs for churches and antiquarian subjects from mediæval architecture form by far the most numerous class of drawings, some other styles and other classes of buildings are scarcely represented at all. Such is strikingly the case in respect to what might be supposed to form the staple of professional employment,—viz., domestic architecture. Now, houses and mansions out-number churches; and those of a superior grade afford more opportunity for the display of taste and original *forte* than churches,—both because they are more complex in plan, and because the architect is less tied down to a superstitious observance of precedent. Then, houses have insides as well as outsides,—and for the former display is generally studied even where it is totally disregarded for the latter. Notwithstanding this, and that so much has of late been

said concerning decorative art and internal embellishment generally, we scarcely ever get from architects themselves any ideas for such purpose. The drawings of the kind which we meet with here are so few and scattered as to render the neglect of such study by the profession even more apparent than if there were none at all. Few as they are, had the drawings of that kind been placed together, such collectiveness would have forced attention to them as a class,—whereas now they are not only lost by distribution, but for the most part so placed individually that it is impossible to bestow on them the examination requisite for fairly judging of such subjects.

Whatever the public may do, the profession have not as a body, we repeat, shown themselves inclined to promote an undertaking whose object is to create, if possible, a popular feeling in favour of architecture,—an undertaking which both requires and deserves their strenuous support and encouragement. A list of absentees would put a mark of reproach on many a name whose possessor should have most strenuously the interests of his art at heart. All the greater is the credit due to those who, spurning the petty punctilio which has kept others back, have come forward to countenance the new movement. Amongst these, some are at once the most liberal and the most efficient contributors:—Mr. E. B. Lamb, for instance, and Mr. G. G. Scott, Mr. R. W. Billings, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. J. P. Seddon, who in his choice of subjects follows in the wake of Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Trevellick. Mr. Lamb's very numerous designs show far more than ordinary artistic *forte* and feeling, too. It has been objected, we find, by some of our contemporaries, that he is not very attentive to precedent. In our opinion, the want of conformity to express precedent is rather a merit than the contrary in a work of Art. Mechanical adherence to precedent almost excludes both originality and such artistic feeling as we find in Mr. Lamb's designs. "Precedent" is, like fire, "a good servant, but a bad master;" it is to be studied,—and the more thoughtfully it is studied the less slavishly will it be followed. Of infidelity to precedent there are two kinds:—the infidelity arising from ignorance or incapacity,—and that which proceeds from the laudable activity of feeling and imagination that is understood by the term "originality." While it amounts to no more than painstaking mechanical copyism, scrupulous conformity to the mere letter of a style does not always insure the spirit of the style itself. Let the style treated be what it may, the architect should show himself

True to its sense, but truer to its fame.

Though this is perhaps not exactly the place for these remarks, we seize the opportunity for making them, because we hold that the scrupulous regard to precedent which is so loudly insisted on by the archaeological school of teachers and critics is alike mischievous and superstitious. Not only does it needlessly fetter and cramp,—but it is apt to be attended by a reaction; overstrictness, once broken through, being generally succeeded by extravagance. This is a truth testified by several of the things in the present Exhibition:—there being not a few instances of wild and *artless* caprice in design, as well as of too servile subservience to precedent and historical authority.

Of the fourteen subjects exhibited by Mr. Lamb, all afford evidence of strong feeling for artistic effect and boldly marked character, and of success in producing these even where the subjects themselves have not been particularly favourable. If in the opinion of some he is chargeable with occasionally breaking away from the authority of mediæval examples, he is strictly faithful to one sterling quality of mediæval architecture,—inasmuch as his designs are quite free from the unfortunate look of having been schooled into propriety. Among them we may point to the *Design for the Birmingham Workhouse* (No. 291),—*The Rectory House at Kilmarnock, erected for Lord Balmaholm* (131),—*The Almshouses for Indigent Foreigners* (291),—and *Thirkeby Church, Yorkshire* (317),—although as to this last, the Catalogue leaves it doubtful whether it is an original design or merely a drawing of the edifice.

Mr. J. P. Seddon is a very liberal contributor;

and we can sincerely commend his Venetian subjects, — more especially *A View of the Doge's Palace* (42), — which is exhibited in so picturesque an attitude as to captivate in spite of its positive ugliness. Of what we are inclined to call unmitigated ugliness we have an example in another very clever and effective drawing by the same hand, — *The South-west Angle of St. Mark's Church* (102); — a monument so extravagantly belauded by Mr. Ruskin, and certainly not a little extravagant in itself, for among other caprices it exhibits the very remarkable one of four columns superimposed over a single shaft. This is a combination so truly monstrous as to render Mr. Ruskin's claim for unrivalled loveliness for the façade of that church not a little ridiculous, — and to furnish a very unfavourable test of the value of his Art-criticism generally. Mr. Ruskin's own drawings show him to be more eloquent with his pencil than with his pen, — at any rate, more intelligible and less fantastical. They are all intended for his folio *Illustrations of the Stones of Venice*, — and consist of capitals and other details and fragments, represented in a particularly free and effective manner.

The title given to a *Design for Metropolitan Baths* — causes the Interior, by Mr. A. Allom (1), to appear, perhaps, somewhat extravagant in idea, — but in itself it is both an admirable drawing and a highly scenic composition marked by originality. With the Exterior (186) we are not so well satisfied. It is shown, however, to considerable disadvantage — the drawing being in a very unfinished state. Mr. L. W. Collmann's *Design for a Dining-room Ceiling* is an equally splendid and tasteful piece of decoration — which, if we may believe the Catalogue, has actually been "carried out in a private dwelling near Liverpool"! What may be objected to is, that, the purpose of the room considered, it is too ambitiously and elaborately ornate. Admirably, too, as the drawing is executed, it is of such peculiar kind as to require to be placed horizontally above the eye, so as to show the foreshortening of the upper part of the walls and columns as they would be seen on looking up to the ceiling. We regret that this is the only subject by Mr. Collmann, as we should have been gratified by seeing again some of those charming interiors exhibited by him at the Royal Academy. — There are some productions of the same class by others, too, which we should have been well pleased to meet with again here; — for instance, the Carlton Club-house Coffee Room, and the Hall of Stafford House, both of which were in the Academy, but out of sight there, the one placed next the ceiling, the other next the floor. — One of the best — and best placed — things of a similar kind here is the *Design for an Elizabethan Library* (308), by Mr. F. Hering. We like it better for its deviation from than for its adherence to Elizabethan precedent; the two transverse lanterns in the ceiling constituting the former, the wide fire-place and piled up chimney-piece the latter. Both together show tasteful novelty combined with the orthodox heaviness and clumsiness of the style imitated.

Nos. 72 and 153, by Mr. Walters, show us that Manchester warehouses are no less ambitious than Liverpool dining-rooms. These have far more the look of dwelling than of ware houses; and No. 150 might pass for a veritable palace, were it not for the "Brown & Co." which figures so conspicuously on the summit of one of its fronts. The merit which it possesses as an architectural object is, however, in our opinion, a somewhat questionable one; — disguise is substituted for character — and as a palace should not look like either a warehouse or a barrack, so ought not a warehouse to be tricked out to appear like a palace. Far more talent would have been shown in preserving yet ennobling by æsthetic treatment the expression suitable to a structure of the kind. Mr. Walters's villas have far less of architecture — not to say more of "dowdism" — in them than his warehouses.

The designs for churches are so numerous, and mediævalism is so rampant and nearly alike in all of them, that few struck us as being noticeable over the rest. The Catalogue drew our attention to No. 52, by Mr. Truefitt; — its title of *Design for*

a *Town Church*, promising something special and studiously adapted to the announced purpose. Why, however, such title should have been given we have been unable to find out. The church is shown, indeed, as standing between houses in a street — but so far from being adapted it seems altogether very ill suited to such situation, unless on the principle of violent contrast. Modernism, not mediævalism, should be the characteristic of town churches. We do not build mediæval streets — why, then, should we affect mediævalism, and that of an *outré* kind, for churches erected in them? The mania for mediævalism is exhibited in a *Design for an Entrance to a Cathedral* (265) somewhat too rabidly. We are surfeited with ecclesiology — which, far from calling forth, is made to stand in the way of, original design.

FINE-ART GOSSIP. — The pictures bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr. Turner will, it is said, pursuant to directions given by his will, be exhibited during the coming Art season at his late residence in Queen Anne Street. This will keep the gift before the public eye, — and the visitors will do well to bear in mind the condition on which the public hold it. If the stirring times into the midst of which we are suddenly cast permit just now of any active regard to the peaceful arts, they will do well to urge by their Representatives some immediate parliamentary solution of the questions affecting the future location and preservation of the national pictures. Every new gift or bequest like this by Mr. Turner is additionally significant of the wealth that may be lost to the nation for want of a palace of the Arts inviting such individual liberalities by the sufficiency of its scale and its arrangements.

We doubt greatly if any of our English artists will be tempted to submit the fruits of their intelligent labours to such a moral and political atmosphere as that which for the moment hangs over and penetrates all the interests of the French capital — or to dare the spirits of suppression and confiscation whose action is avowedly restrained only by the suggestions of their own supreme will: — but if any such there be amongst us, it may be convenient they should know that a decree of the Minister of the Interior invites foreign artists to contribute to the annual Exhibition of the Works of Modern Art in Paris, — that several classes of medals are proposed as prizes of merit, — and that the money arising from the sale of the Catalogue, after deducting its cost, is to be expended in the purchase, so far as it will go, of some of the best works found in the Exhibition.

A public meeting has been successfully held in the town of Bradford with the view to laying the foundations of an "Art-Manufactures' Institute" in a new principle so applied — that of self-supporting and commercial association. A capital of 6,000*l.* is proposed to be raised, in shares of 1*l.* each, to be paid by instalments — the liability being limited to the amount of the share. The object is to provide a direct and indirect Art-education in Bradford for its manufacturers, merchants, artisans, and all classes of its population; and for this purpose a building is to be provided which shall furnish space — 1st. For the collection, exhibition and study of fine specimens of ornamental manufactures woven in all materials, which shall be calculated to afford suggestions for improving the staple manufactures of Bradford and its district, in respect both of the forms and the harmonious colours of patterns. — 2nd. For an ample collection of ornamental plants, especially illustrative of those forms and harmonies of colour useful to students and practical designers, and attractive at all seasons of the year to all persons, men, women, and children, although not directly students in Art. — 3rd. To enable periodical lectures to be given on the use and application of the staple fabrics of Bradford and its district, for garments, hangings, &c.; also lectures on the principles of design illustrated in other woven fabrics, and on the suggestions afforded by the botanical collection for patterns. — 4th. For drawing schools, especially elementary, to be founded in connexion with the Society of Arts, and on the principles promulgated by the Society — to be open to all classes of both sexes, in the evening, at a very low charge, when

they may be used by artisans, and in the morning at a higher charge, when they may be attended by the classes not engaged in workshops or manufactories. — This is another of those institutions which we hope to see everywhere springing up throughout our manufacturing districts under the encouragement and assistance wisely extended by the London Society of Arts.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Exeter Hall. — The PROSPECTUS of the Society is now ready, and may be obtained at CRAMER, BEALE & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street. The Concerts will take place on Wednesday Evenings, March 21, April 14 and 28, May 12 and 26, and June 9. The Orchestra will be on a large and magnificent scale, embracing the most eminent talent in Europe. An effective Chorus will be attached to the Society, and it is with satisfaction that the Society has to announce that they have succeeded in engaging as their Conductor M. Hector Berlioz. — Terms of subscription: Reserved Seats, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Professional Subscribers, 1*l.* 1*s.* WILBERT BEALE, Sec., 201, Regent Street.

Mons. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce that his THIRD ANNUAL SERIES of SIX PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on TUESDAYS, February the 10th and 24th, March the 9th and 23rd, and April the 6th and 20th; in the course of which he will perform specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, including several never before performed in public. Select works of the following Masters will be produced: — Bach, Schell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Dussek, Steibelt, Piazzi, Clementi, J. Field, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, Cramer, Woelfl, Mendelssohn, Spohr, F. Hiller, Chopin, Macfarren, S. W. Bennett, S. Heller, &c. — Tickets, for a single Concert, 8*s.* Reserved Seats, 1*l.*; Subscription to the Reserved Seats, One Guinea, to be had at the Hall.

MR. HÄNDEL GEAR has the honour to acquaint his Patrons, Friends and Pupils, that he intends giving a series of THREE SOIRÉES MUSICALES, at his residence, No. 17, Savile Row, Regent Street, on TUESDAY, February 10th, 25th, and March 9th, to commence at eight o'clock precisely. — Vocal Soloists, Misses J. Pyne, Birch, Messent, E. Birch, Ransford, Eyles, Ley, Mrs. Griesbach, A. Dolby; Mesdames Weiss, A. Newton, C. S. Wallack, Mortier, Ferrari; Master Stainer; Misses Dolby, Williams, Pyne, Wells; Messrs. W. Harris, J. B. Baxter, and Herr Händel Gear, F. Borda, Weiss, G. Stretton, Ransford, A. Ferrari. — Instrumental Performers: — Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. G. A. Borne, Mr. Charles Selous, Mr. E. Apollon, Mr. J. H. Griesbach, Signor Biletti, Herr Pauer; Flute, Signor G. Brieonaldi; Violin, Herr A. Pollitzer; Concertina, Mr. G. Case, Mr. B. Barrow; Violoncello, Herr H. Lütgen. — Subscription for the Series, One Guinea; Tickets to admit Three Persons to one Soirée, one Guinea; Single Ticket for one Soirée, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. Händel Gear, No. 16, Savile Row, Regent Street, and the principal Music Publishers. An application for Tickets is respectfully requested.

MR. AGUILAR'S THIRD AND LAST SOIRÉE of PIANOFORTE MUSIC from the Works of Beethoven will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Anne Street, on TUESDAY, February 19, to commence at half-past Eight o'clock precisely. Programme: Sonata, Op. 25 — Song — Sonata, Piano and Violin, Op. 8, No. 1 — Song — Sonata, Op. 90 — Sonata, Op. 78. Mr. Aguilar will be assisted by Mrs. C. S. Wallack, Miss L. Baxter, and Herr Lütgen. — Single Ticket, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Triple Tickets, 3*l.*, to be had of Mr. Aguilar, 65, Upper Norton Street, and all the principal Music Publishers.

ELLA'S SECOND MUSICAL WINTER EVENING, WILLIS'S ROOMS. — THURSDAY, February 13th. — Quintet in A, Clarinet, &c. Mozart; Vocal, "By Ceilia's Arbour" Mendelssohn; Grand Trio, C minor (first time of performance), Silas; Vocal, No. 1, "May Day," and No. 6, Venice; Songs by Gounod, Grand Nocturne, in F, Spohr, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Double-bass, Flute, Oboe, and Bassoon, by Horn, and Bassoon, by Saxophone, Piazzi, Briccialdi, Nicholson, Lazarus, Harper, Baumann, &c. Pianist, M. Silas, who will also play "Amaranth," a solo of his own composition. Vocalist, Mr. Swift. — Subscription for the Series of Five Concerts, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Single Tickets, 7*s.* each. Seats to accommodate Five Persons, can be secured for the Series. Plan, Prospectus, and Particulars to be had of Cramer, Beale & Co., 201, Regent Street. J. ELLA, Director.

The celebrated ENGLISH GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION has been engaged for the LAST CONCERT of the Series in aid of the funds of the MARYLEBONE LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 17, Edwards Street, Portman Square, which will take place on Thursday the 15th inst. To commence at 8 o'clock. Admission, 2*s.* 6*d.* A few reserved seats may be obtained at 5*s.* each.

MR. NEATE'S FIRST QUARTETT and PIANOFORTE SOIRÉE will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, 27, Queen Anne Street, on WEDNESDAY, the 15th inst. — Programme: Quartett by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, executed by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piazzi. Mr. Neate will perform on the Piano Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 33, and take part in Weber's Pianoforte Quartett. To commence at Eight o'clock. — Terms: For Six Soirées, 3*l.* 10*s.*; for Three, 1*l.* 10*s.*; for a Single Soirée, 10*s.* 6*d.* Application for Subscriptions may be made at Mr. Neate's residence, 2, Chapel Street, Portland Place; and at the principal Music Shops.

EXETER HALL. — A GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL will take place on ASH-WEDNESDAY, February 20th, 1852, when selections from the works of Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, &c., and other celebrated composers, will be given by artists embracing all the distinguished talents at present in the metropolis, whose names will be specially announced. — Admission, 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* Reserved seats, 4*s.*; stalls, 7*s.* Tickets and programmes to be had at the Musicians.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. — We return to the first of Mr. Ella's Winter Musical Evenings — which we could do no more than announce a week ago — for the sake of Hummel's grand *Trio* in E major, which was very finely played by M. Sainton, Signor Piazzi, and Herr Pauer. The pianist has still to mistrust his disposition to slacken time in passages of melody and expression, — still a little more energetically to recollect that in finger-music continuity is not sufficient, but that the brilliancy of the player should increase, — making the close of the composition its most exciting portion. Meanwhile, he is a solid, accomplished, thoroughly-trained player, whom we shall gladly retain, and

who is well worth the above kindly hints.—It was impossible to avoid feeling that, with all its difficulty and pretension, this *Trio* by Hummel is small, mechanical, and antiquated,—that its passages are already gone by,—that its ideas are less grand, distinct, and various than those to be found in such older finger writers as Dussek and Steibelt,—not to speak of the inspired works of Hummel himself. For that Hummel had his inspirations we have charming witness in his *Concertos* in A minor, B minor, and A flat major,—in his exquisitely elegant concert Rondo in A major,—in his Septett and in the magnificent Sonata in F sharp minor,—though we have been assured that the last work was merely written to answer a publisher's commission for a piece of difficult music.—With these, the *Trio* under notice cannot rank, being inferior as regards idea to any of its writer's three *Trios* in E flat major, none of which have Concert pretensions. The more that we reflect and compare, the more clear does it seem to us that, if the day of the majority of Hummel's compositions has gone by, that of the classical chamber music of Moscheles is to come,—since there is an individuality and distinctness in their ideas, an intellectual nerve and solidity in their structure, which, in spite of some constraint and over-labour, will outlast the second-hand beauty, grace, and expression of the school of instrumental writers who imitated Mozart. But we must not go too far in prophecy when our purpose is mainly to call attention to the interesting commencement of Mr. Ella's new undertaking.

On Thursday evening Mr. Lindsay Sloper commenced his annual series of chamber concerts.—This pianist is rising and will rise because of his enterprise in selecting music beyond the common range, and never performing it without thorough preparation. Beethoven's *Pianoforte Sonata*, Op. 110, is too seldom played: perhaps because the last movement,—with its wonderful slow melody more impassioned than the most impassioned *cavatina* alternated with its difficult yet interesting fugue,—demands entire grasp over the ancient and modern—the strict and the sentimental—styles.—We enjoyed, too, the three *Duettings* by Schumann, as the most reasonable and melodious music by their composer that we have heard.—Of Mr. Sloper's own studies, four of which he also performed, we had not long ago an opportunity of speaking in praise.—The singers were Miss Amy and Miss Dolby—the former a *mezzo-soprano* of promise. Among other music, Miss Dolby gave with great spirit M. Gounod's 'May' and his 'Hunting Song.' The vociferous *encore* of the latter must be noted as a sign of growing popularity. Having stood alone in our opinion of this gentleman for "a week and a day,"—it is due to every one that we mark every point with more than usual precision—and thus it may be fairly added, that we hear of his 'Songs of France' taking root and winning favour among the most various lovers of music in every corner of England.

The number of chamber concerts is rapidly increasing. Besides those already announced and reported upon, *M. Billet* and *Mr. Handel Gear* are each advertising his series.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—'A *Midsummer Night's Dream*.'—The play among poems and the poem among plays, pre-eminently adapted to charm a court audience, a company of poets, or any gathering of persons of high taste and spiritual imagination—could not be more deliciously presented than in the form chosen on Tuesday evening,—when the text was read by Mrs. Kemble, and the music of Mendelssohn was performed. *Seen* the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' can never be, save by the mind's eye. The bodily senses of the most easily captivated recoil from a middle-aged gentleman roused up to perform *Oberon*,—from a material *Puck*, ever so shrill and tricky,—from a *Pease-blossom*, *Moth*, and *Mustard Seed*, severally more substantial than *Hermia*, *Helena*, and *Hypocrita*. Heard in more perfect tune to the poet's meanings, we can hardly fancy the poem and the play. Mrs. Kemble is without a peer when she can let her melodious voice follow the cadences of the verse and the changes of the imagery, without the strain and the emphasis—the violent changes

and the counterfeit tones, which more reluctantly obey her strong dramatic will, when a *Lear* or a *Falstaff* are to be made to speak. There is not merely the versatile actress—there is the sympathy of the refined and fantastic poetess, in her presentment of the Athenian lovers, and of the fairy people. The former become individual creatures, not walking gentlemen and sighing ladies; the latter have the freshness and *sprite*-ly grace (the old spelling is here the proper one) which belong to the empire of forest-shadow, moonlight, and dew. The third group, that of the "rude mechanicals," is rendered by Mrs. Kemble with a grotesque breadth and stolid humour not less Shakspearian. Since we last heard her, she has enriched the melody and variety of her interpretation:—it is now a treat of the highest and most genial order.

The performance of Mendelssohn's interludes, directed by Mr. Lucas, was good. So closely does the genius of the musician in this work approach to that of the poet whom he dearly loved and intimately understood,—in every bar there is so much of fancy, freshness, and thought, promising a long life of glorious and healthy creations,—that on hearing the composition in something like a complete form, the importunate, yearning question—

What part had Death in thee?—

came back with all the pain and surprise that are only felt when we think of some bright and living light untimely quenched, and which are more significant as a tribute than the cheer of admiring approval. The whole music, however, was not given,—the melodramatic portions being necessarily omitted. We missed, too, the Dance of Clowns, and the lack-a-daisical play belonging to "the brief and tedious" play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*—both as full of the truest comedy, as are also the bright, olivish, and mazy figures which accompany *Puck* in his task of bewildering the chafed *Lysander* and *Demetrius*. Adequately to render the two vocal pieces—"Ye spotted snakes," and the final chorus—a choir of singers, each as melodious and as poetically accomplished as Mrs. Kemble among speakers, is required. For want of these, the passages in question were the least successful portions of the evening's entertainment—being not sweetly, but coarsely, given.

It has been said that the two Greek Tragedies for which Mendelssohn wrote choruses will possibly also be read by Mrs. Kemble, and the music performed.

HAYMARKET.—'A Duel in the Dark' is a piece by Mr. Stirling Coyne, produced on Saturday. The scene is at Dieppe. An exemplary wife (Mrs. Greenfinch) to cure her husband of flirting with titled ladies, disguises herself as a French countess—and after securing his attentions displays the virago, letting him know that she carries pistols in her reticule. Afterwards she re-appears in her own likeness,—but the dread of the pistols prevents him from owning her. She next personates Mr. Greenfinch himself, and in that character challenges her husband. At his request, the duel is to be fought in the dark. The result is that he takes refuge behind a stove, and she feigns to be mortally wounded.—This belligerent couple were represented by Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who made the most of the slight materials, and provoked much laughter.—The trifle was successful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A fact or two from the Report of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* adverted to last week, will show that that body is making progress in every way. Last year, it is true, was a golden year; and the extra performances of 'The Messiah,' 'The Creation,' and 'Elijah,' during the time when the Great Exhibition was open, appear to have left golden traces in the shape of 1,250*l.* stock purchased. It is observable, by the way, that 'Elijah' was performed the most frequently of any sacred work in 1851.—We are glad to notice such a confirmation of our recent strictures, as we find in a minute passed "in addition to the Report."

That an urgent recommendation should be addressed to the directors of Exeter Hall, to adopt such measures as would protect the public attending the Society's Concerts from any sudden alarm of fire. The Members were no

doubt aware that a fire had broken out last week, perilling the Society's valuable library; and if that alarm had been raised on an evening when a large body of visitors had assembled to witness one of the Society's performances, it was frightful to contemplate the probable result of such an event. * * * It was the duty of the directors of Exeter Hall to make proper arrangements by additional entrances and exits, and other conveniences to secure the safety and accommodation of the public who attended the building. It is to be hoped, from the above, that, ere long, we shall see the last great evil of Exeter Hall amended. Passing from serious experiences to petty spite, let us denounce a small nuisance in Exeter Hall, which should be removed by the *London Sacred Harmonic Society*. This is a little pamphlet by one "Veritas," exalting Mr. Surman's doings in 'bad English, and blackening Messrs. Brown and Bowley and Signor Costa in worse, which is poked into the hands of persons as they go up and down stairs. Such intrusive work damages no one or nothing save the cause it is meant to serve, being among the offences against music and against manners which claim a note of animadversion.

The concerts of the *New Philharmonic Society*, spoken of last week, will commence on Wednesday the 24th of March, with a two-guinea subscription. The attempt to offer a first-class instrumental entertainment at moderate prices will thus be fairly made. It remains to be seen how far the scale of monster performances and of monster audiences is reconcilable with that delicacy of execution and that calmness of attention which the works of the great Symphonists demand. M. Berlioz is advertised as having accepted the conductorship.

The passion for Mendelssohn's music seems to grow week by week in England; indeed, his manner once accepted, we know of no writer whose admirers become more enamoured than his. A proof of this increasing popularity has been given at Belfast, where what may be called a Mendelssohn Concert Society is announced by our contemporaries to be in progress of formation. At the first meeting, the Earl of Belfast, who ranks high among amateur pianists, was to perform two of Mendelssohn's pianoforte *solos*.

The world of English dramatic singers has lost a member who might have done it good service in Miss Annie Romer, whose death has been just announced by our contemporaries. With fair opportunity and fit occupation, this promising young lady might have occupied on the English stage a position analogous to that held at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris by Mlle. Darcier, of whom we were frequently reminded by her voice and by her disposition for natural and pathetic expression. It must be added, however, that Miss Annie Romer was brought upon the stage when her vocal education was incomplete, and that she never had the chances which making one of an established company and singing with a good orchestra and sufficient rehearsal give to the artist.

'Guillaume Tell' has been revived at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris for M. Gueymard, who, clever singer though he be, is neither strong, picturesque, nor vocal enough to sustain a character for awhile closed to all who cannot equal or outdo M. Duprez. The chorus of the *Grand Opéra* was augmented to give effect to this revival; but numbers do not always imply body of tone; and this is said to have been the case on the present occasion.—Meanwhile, the composer of 'Guillaume Tell' has been writing a most flowery and ironically humble epistle to the "Cercle lyrique" of Marseilles in acknowledgment of an honorary membership awarded to him by that body.—A new organ by that excellent builder, M. Cavaille Coll, has just been inaugurated with musical pomp in the rich new church of Saint Vincent de Paul.—The inhabitants of Felletin (Creuse) being satisfied, it is said, in contradiction to Parisian authorities, that Quinault, the collaborator of Lulli, was a native of their little town, have indulged their satisfaction by setting up a statue to his honour on the 11th of January last.

M. Bayard and the heirs of Signor Donizetti having sued Mr. Lumley in the French courts of law for performing 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' without due acknowledgment of the author's rights, have obtained a verdict against him, by which he is obliged to pay for the privilege.—One of the first fruits of the new adjustment of international copyright is to be seen in the advertise-

ment, setting forth that M. Maquet, for some time the *Fletcher* to M. Alexandre Dumas' *Beauvallon*,—who has just gained a great single-handed dramatic success (M. Janin assures us) in his 'Château de Granit',—has formally assigned the new drama to an English translator.

A third correction is called for by the *Gazette Musicale* of this week, in which it is stated that neither of the two Brothers Ricci is dead, as has been reported.—Signor Frederico, the traveller towards Russia, having waked up from his lethargic trance, which had been mistaken for, and was reported as, death, by his bewildered travelling companion.

Herr Eckert's 'William of Orange,' of which favourable mention has been made in this journal, is now in rehearsal at Stuttgart, under the protection of an artist no less powerful than Madame Sontag, who will sustain the principal female character. The amount of new and difficult occupation cheerfully undertaken and perfectly executed by this lady since her return to the stage should figure largely to her credit as a thorough-going and always progressive artist when the annals of the *cantatrici* come to be written.—M. Berlioz is about to repair to Weimar, having been invited thither to conduct the performance of his 'Benvenuto Cellini,' which will be given on the occasion of a court festival.—Dr. Liszt seems neither to falter nor to slacken in his resolutions to make Weimar the centre of musical romanticism,—since another novelty announced as in preparation is to be an opera by Herr Schumann on Lord Byron's 'Manfred.'—A *statuette* in marble of Mlle. Rachel, commanded by His Majesty of Prussia from Herr Assinger, a young artist, has been just completed by the sculptor and placed in the library of the Royal Palace at Berlin.

"An operatic novelty," writes our Naples Correspondent, "by *Maestro Lillo* was produced a few nights since at the *Teatro Nuovo*,—entitled 'La Gioventù di Shakspeare.' Though the story tells of the ardent and secret affection with which the Poet is supposed to have inspired a lady of high rank, the style of the music is as finery as that of a French *vaudeville*. The audience applauded the *cavatina* of Signora Gianfredi, the *terzetto* between Gianfredi and Eboli with Cammarano, the beautiful *gran duetto* between Gianfredi and Mastriani; and after all these pieces the *maestro* was called forward."

MISCELLANEA

Natural History in Norway.—A correspondent has forwarded to us the following statement of the number of birds and beasts of prey for the destruction of which Government premiums were paid in five recent years.—

	Bears	Wolves	Lynxes	Gluttons	Eagles	Mountain Owls	Falcons and Hawks
1846	219	238	104	81	1055	154	349
1847	270	259	116	80	2394	494	489
1848	264	247	144	51	2498	369	527
1849	325	197	110	76	2142	343	485
1850	246	191	118	39	2426	268	407

—The particulars may have some interest for our touring sportsmen in the coming year.

Electric Telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead.—The *Warder* states positively that the same company which has executed the submarine telegraph between the French and English shores has actually submitted to the Government a proposal by which it guarantees the completion within a very limited period of a submarine telegraph, upon the very same principle and construction, between Kingston and Holyhead. The sole condition required by the company is, that the Government will pay it for the exclusive use of two wires which they propose placing at its disposal a yearly sum of 1,000*l*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. C. G.—J. N.—P. T. L.—Dr. R. C. J. W. D.—received.

A. G.—Our Correspondent will see in our columns last week that in his first point he is anticipated. For his second we may probably find a place next week.

A. D.—will see that his conclusion has been already arrived at.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

ENGLISH, &c.

Dr. L. Schmitz.—A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A.D. 192. By Dr. L. SCHMITZ, Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. New Edition. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth; or 8s. 6d. bound.

Dr. R. G. Latham's Handbook of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE. For the Use of Students of the Universities and the Higher Classes of Schools. Small 8vo. 8s. 6d.

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